

The Guaranteed Daily Circulation of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Exceeds 140,000 Copies.

The Daily

1/2d.

ILLUSTRATED

1/2d.

Mirror.

A Paper for Men and Women.

No. 104.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904.

One Halfpenny

AMERICA AND MRS. MAYBRICK.

United States Government Takes Significant Action on Her Behalf.

Mrs. Maybrick's mother, the Baroness de Roques, has received the following cablegram from her solicitors at Washington, U.S.A. :—

"Florie's citizenship officially recognised.
Admission ordered."

This is good news indeed for Mrs. Maybrick, now counting the days in a Church of England home till the date of her complete release.

The course taken by the United States Government in making this special order, admitting her to citizenship and allowing her admission into the ports, can only be understood to mean that Mrs. Maybrick was in the opinion of the authorities wrongly convicted.

Considered in connection with the stringent immigration laws of the United States, the importance of the above announcement becomes apparent.

If the legal authorities believed in her guilt, Mrs. Maybrick would not have been permitted to land in America, on the ground that she was an alien felon.

The rejection by America of Gabrielle Bompard, the French murderess, only a few weeks ago, afforded an illustration of America's immigration precautions against "undesirable citizens." By their signal concession to Mrs. Maybrick they proclaim her a "desirable citizen."

Marriage Removed American Citizenship.

It will be remembered that, at the time of Mrs. Maybrick's condemnation, several petitions were sent from the United States, with instructions from the Secretary of State there, to Mr. Lincoln, the American Ambassador in London; but diplomatic action could not be taken in consequence of the fact that Mrs. Maybrick, having married an Englishman, had relinquished her American citizenship.

Therefore, Mr. Lincoln could only make unofficial representations to the Home Secretary. Another reason why Mr. Lincoln could not deal with the case diplomatically was that the death of her husband did not restore citizenship, though Mrs. Maybrick was a natural citizen of America, being born at Mobile, in Alabama.

It was at the earnest request of Mrs. Maybrick herself that this successful application has been made for the restoration of her American citizenship.

As the date of her perfect freedom draws near the Home Office authorities have practically surrendered all supervision of her correspondence.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S FIRST DRILL.

The Duke of Connaught, the Inspector-General of the Forces, it is interesting to note, was initiated in a military exercise at the early age of nine. Three mornings a week a sergeant of the Grenadier Guards presented himself at Buckingham Palace and taught the royal youth (then Prince Arthur) the manual and platoon rifle exercises. Prince Arthur proved himself to be a most apt pupil, and picked up drill, it was said, much sooner than his elder brothers, the Prince of Wales (King Edward) and Prince Alfred (the late Duke of Coburg), who had gone through a course a year or two previously.

THE KING TO VISIT HACKNEY SHOW.

An official intimation has been received by the Hackney Show Committee that the King and Queen will visit the Agricultural Hall to-day at 3.30 p.m., when there will be a special parade of champion and other winners, including the prize-winning harness horses.

The programme for the royal visit will also include the judging of horses in single and double harness and the harness championship.

LAKE BAIKAL NOW A BUSY HIGHWAY.



The scene on Lake Baikal, the frozen surface of which breaks the Siberian railway, is of the busiest description. Over the rough ice there is a constant coming and going of sledges drawn by three ponies and carrying three officers. The journey takes five hours.

JAPAN'S NEW BASE.

Troops Land in East and West Korea.

MYSTERIOUS SILENCE

Cables Guarded to Prevent News Leakage.

RUSSIA'S LARGE FUNDS.

Japanese troops have been landed at Ching-Chan, on the east coast of Korea, north of Gensan, the intention being to advance on Hun-Chan.

Landings are also reported to be taking place daily at Hwang-yu, south of Ping-yang, the Japanese having removed their base from Chemulpho to Hwang-yu.

No change in the disposition of the respective forces near Ping-yang is reported.

Confirmation of Monday's bombardment of Port Arthur is still lacking.

Russia is said to have ample funds in the Treasury and does not contemplate any foreign loan.

What is really happening in the Far East is a mystery to the Western world. The Japanese authorities are evidently "sitting on the cables," and nothing is being allowed to be telegraphed which will disclose the plans of either their naval or military forces. It is only by piecing together scraps of detached news that an idea, necessarily imperfect, may be obtained of what is going on.

Another landing of Japanese troops, to the number of 2,400, on the east coast of Korea, is the latest movement reported from Vladivostok, which is naturally intensely interested in all that takes place along that coast. The landing is said to have been effected at Ching-Chan, which is about one hundred and twenty miles north of Gensan. If report is correct, the Japanese have utilised the last-named place for previous landings, and the selection of a point further north leads to the belief that an advance is intended on Hun-Chan, from which place the Russian garrison fled on a recent occasion.

It may be, however, that the troops landed at Ching-Chan are intended to co-operate with the forces now concentrating at Ping-yang.

NEW JAPANESE BASE.

On the west coast it is reported that the Japanese have advanced their base from Chemulpho to Hwang-yu, which is a little to the south of Ping-yang. Every day a transport lands troops and provisions at Hwang-yu, and by this time a large force of Japanese troops must be assembled.

NO CHANGE AT PORT ARTHUR.

From Port Arthur no change in the situation can be noted. The reported bombardment of the place on Monday has not been confirmed, and, in fact, Russian officials at St. Petersburg are prepared to deny it in view of the absence of any intelligence from Admiral Alekseeff on the subject. Rumours of a Japanese landing at Dalgai or on the Liaotung Peninsula are also discredited, as Admiral Starke has been able to maintain his communications with Mukden.

It may be that the reported intention of the Japanese fleet to call at Port Arthur "every alternate day" and bombard it will not be carried out, as an idea prevails that previous attacks have been utilised to cover the landing of Japan's army in Korea. This is said to have been successfully accomplished, and Port Arthur may be left undisturbed pending the development of Japan's plan of campaign in the neighbourhood of Ping-yang.

RUSSIA'S DISABLED WARSHIPS.

For the defence of Port Arthur the Russian fleet is in a bad way. It is declared that the damaged Retvisan blocks the narrow entrance to the harbour, and can neither be removed nor repaired where she lies stranded. It is being used on occasion as a fixed battery, but the only other available fighting ships are the Askold, Novik, and Bayan, and if the report of Monday's bombardment is correct, both the Novik and Askold were disabled in that engagement. Some torpedo-boats are still on the effective list, but it is believed that they are short of ammunition.

VLADIVOSTOK ALARMED.

Residents in Vladivostok were alarmed recently by the sudden appearance of nine Japanese warships off the port. The vessels remained for several hours, but from the fact that they drew off without firing on the harbour it is believed that they were reserve ships of insufficient power to blockade the port.

It is interesting to note that a report from Vladivostok denies the alleged recent landing of Japanese troops at Possiet Bay, which is about fifty miles south of that port.

RUSSIA'S LARGE FUNDS.

Russia is said to have had in the State Bank at the end of last month the sum of 921 million roubles in gold, while the outstanding paper currency issued, including the fifty million roubles issued recently, is 605 million roubles.

The Russian Treasury has also a large amount of gold with foreign banks for the payment of coupons. The current account of the Treasury in the bank is 416 millions.

No foreign loans are at present contemplated by the Russian Government.

ENGLAND'S DANGER.

DOES GERMANY WANT TO EMBROIL US?

The situation in the Far East is a source of grave anxiety at the present moment to the British Cabinet.

It is believed in diplomatic circles that continual efforts are being made by certain of the Continental Powers to embroil England in the strife now raging between Russia and Japan.

One rumour has it that Russia has opened up negotiations with Germany and France aimed at hostile action towards Great Britain, and that while this has been met by prompt refusal on the part of France the attitude of Germany has been less benevolent towards this country.

Mr. Balfour is fully alive to the gravity of the situation, and is even prepared, like Pitt, to come down to the House of Commons and beg that party feeling may cease in the presence of a great national danger.

It must be added that the very active efforts of his Majesty are directed to the maintenance of peace, and that the attitude of Lord Lansdowne has throughout been dictated by the greatest regard for the observance of strict international law, and the most scrupulous desire to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of Russia.

IRISH "MOAT" MYSTERY.

Young Butcher Charged with a Curious Crime.

Public feeling in Ireland is intensely interested in the trial of John Fee, which opens in Monaghan to-day.

The victim was a young man, named Joseph Flanagan, who dealt in poultry and eggs, and it is alleged that Fee murdered him for the purpose of robbing him of about £200 which Flanagan had. The body was found buried in a manure pit, but nine months elapsed before it was accidentally discovered by a workman.

No direct evidence has been adduced against Fee, the testimony being solely circumstantial.

ROYALTY AT QUEEN'S HALL.

As patrons of the Philharmonic Society, their Majesties the King and Queen attended the opening concert of the season last night at Queen's Hall.

The programme opened with a new orchestral work by Mr. Von Ahn Carse, a young ex-student of the Royal Academy, an overture to Byron's "Manfred." The vocalist was Miss Elizabeth Parkina, the new soprano, who sang in superb style an air from Charpentier's "Louise," an opera that has created a sensation on the Continent, but has not been heard in England yet.

POTATOES AT £170 A POUND.

New varieties of disease-proof potatoes are still fetching fabulous prices at auction. Spishly, in Lincolnshire, holds the record for price, five ounces being sold for £56 3s. 6d., which works out at over £400,000 a ton.

OUR CIRCULATION COMPETITION.

A Ten-pound Note Won by a Reader Who Correctly Estimated Yesterday's Circulation of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror."

ANOTHER PRIZE OFFERED.

We have much pleasure in announcing that the £10 prize offered to the reader who should estimate what would be the exact circulation of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* for yesterday, March 2, has been won by—

M. ARTHUR,

7, Rossmore-road, Lisson Grove,

London, W.

The figure was 146,928, and Mr. Arthur's letter was the first to be opened which gave the correct number.

The quantity of replies received was enormous, and in order to give readers of a mathematical turn another opportunity to exercise their ingenuity we will give another ten-pound note to the reader who comes nearest to our actual circulation figure on

WEDNESDAY NEXT, MARCH 9.

It will assist our readers if we repeat that the circulation of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* rose from 71,690 on January 28 to 87,779 on February 4, to 105,235 on February 11, to 122,499 on February 18, to 143,844 on February 25, and to 146,928 on March 2. What will it be on March 9?

Every reader is allowed as many estimates as he likes, but each estimate must be made upon the accompanying form, and reach the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* office before noon on Tuesday, March 8.

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" CIRCULATION £10 PRIZE COUPON.

I estimate the circulation of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" for Wednesday next, March 9.

at

Name

Address

Fill in this coupon and post, or send, it to "CIRCULATION."

"DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" OFFICE.

* It is understood that the decision of the editor is final.

In case of a "tie" the first correct estimate received wins.

2, CARMELITE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WAR FLASHES.

INCIDENTS AND COMMENTS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

It is estimated by a Moscow correspondent that Russia has at the present moment 175,000 regular soldiers of all arms east of Lake Baikal. Of these it is believed fully one-half will be required to guard the railway through Chinese territory.

Heroic appeals to the Russian forces appear to be the order of the day. The Dowager Empress of Russia, in a message to Admiral Skrydloff and his sailors, says she is convinced they will die to the last man rather than haul down the flag of St. Andrew.

Japanese sailors occupy their spare time in much the same way as our own handy men. Jack will make a pair of slippers out of a coil of string, and the Jap sailor works artistic figures of flowers and dwarf plants out of the most scanty and unlikely material.

Believed Because It Was British.

Any excuse is better than none is evidently the view of the Russian Government. Having wrongly charged Captain Marshall, of the American cruiser Vicksburg, with inhumanity the Russians have apologised, but the explanation is added that the report came from British sources, and was therefore accepted as true.

Wild deer at £20 per pound is surely very dear, yet this is the price which was paid for some which were caught recently near Vladivostok.

It is not surprising to hear that even in stolid St. Petersburg the suggestion that the Jews were about to present the Government with a battleship and call her Kishineff "has caused much hilarity."

Jews have settled at various points along the Siberian railway line, and an order has now been issued compelling them to depart from the vicinity of the railway.

How to Improve Discipline.

Breaches of discipline in the Japanese Army are punished by the offenders being left in Japan and not allowed to go to the front. So intense is their desire to fight the Russians that ordinary offences have practically disappeared among the patriotic Japanese troops.

According to an official report from Port Arthur a Japanese destroyer was observed on Tuesday at low tide lying inside the harbour.

Seventy-one Japanese sailors wounded in the fighting at Port Arthur have been landed at Sasebo.

About twenty-five Japanese naval and military officers who have been recalled to duty in Japan left Euston yesterday, and were warmly cheered by a crowd of interested spectators.

Bad for Business.

Russia's declaration of contraband of war is exercising the minds of many traders with business in the Far East, and it is believed that the British and American Governments are co-operating in whatever steps may be necessary to protect the interests of their respective subjects affected by the declaration.

Mr. Lawson Walton intends on Monday to recall to the Prime Minister the declaration made by Russia at the West African Conference in 1884 that she would never be a party to the recognition of coal as contraband of war.

RETORT IRISH.

Jokes and Anecdotes Enliven a Dull Debate.

A limp and inattentive House followed the process of money-voting for the British Navy yesterday.

Save for the occasional presence of the Prime Minister, who strolled in to watch the progress of events as the hours passed wearily by, the Treasury Bench was monopolised by the two youthful heads of the Admiralty.

Mr. Pretyman, the secretary to the Whitehall department, crossed his legs and scribbled notes on his knee, and Mr. Lee, the Civil Lord, his junior coadjutor, yawned at the stained glass roof and then at the Radicals before him. The Opposition Front Bench was practically deserted.

But Willie Redmond, the gay and irresponsible man from Clare, was wide awake. The Government wanted £6,691,000 for the wages of officers, seamen, coastguards, marines, men, and boys. Rising from his brother's seat on the fourth bench below the gangway, Willie moved to reduce the amount by £281,692, this representing the net increase in the Estimate.

Mr. Redmond Scores.

Willie's story was the old, old one of neglect of the sister country. Ireland gained no advantage from the British Navy. "All that was done for the benefit of Ireland was to fire guns out to sea at nothing in the wind we-e-e-e, and with no other result but to disturb the sea birds."

"Was the hon. member for Clare firing at the Secretary to the Admiralty, or was he firing at nothing at all?" asked a member on the Government benches.

"I was firing at you," retorted the quick-witted and inflexible Irishman. "I don't know whether that is 'nothing at all.'"

There was a general titter, and the hon. member left Willie alone for the rest of the evening.

After Sir John Gorst and popular Sir John Colomb, the old and popular sea-dog, had contributed their quota of criticism, Mr. Pretyman fired off his reply for the Government.

And then Mr. Robertson brought his heavy artillery into action. With savage taps of the box he worked himself into an almost frenzied state of indignation. To say that our Navy was the only defensive navy in the world—why, good gracious, it was monstrous! The proposition would not be sustained for a moment! The Government ought to start the movement for the reduction of naval armaments, and not wait for the initiative to be taken by other nations.

Anecdotal "Tommy."

"Tommy" Bowles, as became a certificated sea-captain, was nautical. He told the well-known story of an admiral who applied to the Admiralty for paint; who was allowed only half the required quantity, and who thereupon painted the other side of the ship to represent a brick-red sea with a green floor and a brass knocker, on the ground that having supplied the paint he was entitled to choose the design!

He also told of a captain who, in complaining of his officers, once declared that there was not a competent thief among them, and that they had better bear up for the Church!

The little member shook his head at the present naval standard. It was not a two-Power, but a three-Power standard, and he wanted to know what had caused the Admiralty to depart from the two-Power standard.

The division bells were ringing shortly after seven, and the result of the procession into the Lobby was the defeat of Mr. Redmond's amendment by a majority of 201, eighty-three voting for it and 284 against.

On a further division the vote was agreed to by 273 votes to seventy-three, a Government majority of 200.

The Government business concluded at the dinner hour, and the evening sitting, which, under the rules of the House, was allotted to private members, was devoted to a discussion of the Sugar Bounties question, which everyone hoped had been killed last Session.

Mr. Balfour, answering Mr. Trevelyan, said he hoped the Alien Immigration Bill would be introduced before Easter, but he could not give a definite pledge.

ALONE IN AN OPEN BOAT.

Captain Turner, of the Brixham ketch "Evangelist," was landed at Plymouth yesterday by the Lowestoft steam dredger *Majestic*, which rescued him in a semi-conscious condition in the Channel on Tuesday, after he had been drifting alone for sixteen hours in a twelve-foot punt.

The Evangelist was bound from Fareham to Dublin, and when off Durlston Lighthouse on Monday night was sunk by a steamer, apparently a foreigner, which continued on her voyage. The mate jumped for the steamer, and was not seen again, while the skipper put off in the punt.

SHIP IN A SAND BLIZZARD.

From Port Said comes a brief wire saying that the P. and O. steamer *Iris*, from Brindisi, has been delayed by a sandstorm.

Untravelling landmen might be inclined to sniff at the idea of a sandstorm at sea as improbable, if not impossible. Yet the southerly wind blowing across the African deserts to the Mediterranean constantly brings seawards scorching storms of sand, which might prevent a vessel leaving harbour. So terrible is the heat at such times that it has been known to shrivel up leather.

Johannesburg is re-naming its streets on the American system by numbers.

It is reported from Bordeaux that an inventor has submitted to the authorities details of a new process for paving streets with steel.

"There seems to be a tendency to desire angels 'on the cheap,'" said the Bishop of Manchester at a meeting in aid of the Queen Victoria Clergy Fund.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Strong and gusty easterly winds; dull; occasional rain, sleet and snow; continuing cold.
Lighting-up time: 6.43 p.m.
Sea passages will be rough generally, decidedly so in the North Sea.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

It is believed in diplomatic circles that continued efforts are being made by certain of the Continental Powers to embroil England in the war between Japan and Russia—a situation that is causing great anxiety at the present moment to the British Cabinet.—(Page 2.)

There is very little news from the seat of war. Japan has moved her base from Chemulpho to Hwang-Yu, south of Ping-Yang, where troops are being landed daily. A force has also been landed at Ching-chau on the east coast of Korea. At St. Petersburg Monday's reported bombardment of Port Arthur is discredited.—(Page 2.)

Naval Estimates were further considered in the Commons, the debate lacking special feature.—(Page 2.)

The King and Queen will to-day pay a visit to the Hackney Show at Islington.—(Page 1.)

Lady Clancarty, at one time one of the most popular of London music-hall artists, is lying seriously ill at her residence in Dublin.—(Page 13.)

Society in German is agitated over a Court scandal. Annoyed at a book written by a Countess the Kaiser, it is said, banished her from Berlin. The appearance of a second book resulted in her being confined as a lunatic.—(Page 5.)

Mrs. Maybrick has been admitted by the United States Government to citizenship, an act which can be only understood to mean that she was in the opinion of the American authorities, wrongly convicted.—(Page 1.)

An appeal involving no less a sum than £3,000,000, and made on behalf of the New River Water Company, was decided yesterday, judgment being found for the plaintiffs. Leave was given the Water Board to appeal to the House of Lords.—(Page 6.)

One of the most remarkable of modern surgical inventions now to be seen in operation at the London hospitals enables a patient with a broken limb to walk about within a few days of being injured.—(Page 4.)

Some alarm is felt at the condition of the iron-work on Lambeth Bridge, which is said to have worn to a serious degree of thinness. The matter is under consideration at the hands of the authorities.—(Page 4.)

Suggestions that the rat plague at Braintree, Essex, should be thinned by means of poison have not been received with favour by the inhabitants. Yesterday being market day many persons visited the rat-ridden quarter of the town.—(Page 4.)

Adjourning a case at Clerkenwell County Court, Judge Edge commented on the increase of women in business, and said he supposed that the time was not far distant when men would be in the position of servants, happy in the fact that they were all free from legal liability.—(Page 6.)

A petty officer in the Navy named Sidney Stevens yesterday obtained a divorce from his wife and £75 damages from the co-respondent, a corporal in the Royal Engineers. The suit was undefended.—(Page 6.)

Weather conditions remain very unsettled, and the snowfall in various parts of the country has been so heavy as to cause a cessation of work. No immediate change for the better can be looked for.—(Page 3.)

Miss Elsa Steele, a young English actress, has the distinction of having achieved remarkable success in one of the German plays now being performed at the Royalty Theatre.—(Page 8.)

"H.R.H. Prince Cetywayo," the third son of the famous Zulu King, is among the present-day frequenters of the British Museum. He is studying with a view to introducing English methods among his people on returning to Africa.—(Page 9.)

Special features of the L.C.C. election, which takes place on Saturday next, are described in an article dealing with the contest.—(Page 13.)

Inquiries made at various London hospitals show that these institutions are constantly receiving useless gifts, a state of things which suggests the advisability of forming a central exchange bureau.—(Page 6.)

Hayward, the Surrey professional cricketer, played a masterly innings of 52 in the M.C.C.'s second venture at Sydney yesterday, and we now seem to have the game well in hand.—(Page 14.)

Some fair sport was obtained at the Portsmouth Park Race Meeting yesterday, most of the races attracting large fields. Rain descended throughout the afternoon.—(Page 14.)

Stock markets fluctuated yesterday, and at the close of the day were not so good as at the commencement. The possibilities for floating another £2,000,000 of Transvaal loan were subjected to some criticism, and foreign bonds and Consols were unsettled.—(Page 6.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

Lord Onslow presides at Centennial Banquet, Royal Central Society, Hotel Metropole, 7.
Liquors on Sunday: Annual meeting, Mansion House, 3.
National Indian Association: Meeting, Jehangir Hall, 430.
Royal College of Physicians: Milroy Lecture, 5.
United Service Institution: Major W. H. Ames on Forces, 6.
Sir J. West Ridgeway on "Ceylon," London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Brassey presiding, 230.
Audience on "The Workman of the Middle Ages," Viscount Dillon presiding, 8.

HOW RAILWAYS FIGHT THE SNOW.



The heavy snowfalls in the north of England and Scotland have done much to hinder the railway traffic, and snow ploughs are busily employed in clearing away the drifts. Luckily, keen frost has made the snow light and feathery, and the heavy snow ploughs have been able to fight their way through.

WET AND SNOW AGAIN.

Conditions Very Unsettled—Once More Snow Expected.

Wet, unsettled weather is expected, with probably considerable snow falls. The general forecast last night from the Meteorological Office was to the effect that the cyclonic disturbance which is now over Brittany will probably move away in a westerly direction. An improvement in the weather is to be expected in the south and south-east, but the general condition has become of an unsettled type.

In North Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, Cambridgeshire, and the Fens, snow and sleet have caused a cessation of agricultural work. The lambing season is proving one of the worst known for years.

Snow also fell at Bath, Oxford, and Scilly (the last an unusual circumstance); and abroad at Calais, Brussels, and Paris.

Even at Monte Carlo all the mountains, even La Turbie and the low hills behind Monte Carlo, are white with snow. For years there has not been anything like it.

LORD ROSEBERY AT PING-PONG.

Ex-Prime Minister to Patronise the Moribund "Sport."

Lord Rosebery has found time amid the distracting troubles of an out-of-office politician to lend a helping hand to the moribund parlous sports of the suburbs.

Ping-pong, it was thought, had passed its popularity. The ex-Prime Minister, father of a son who, Ajax-like, delights in the slaughter of bulls and the winner of Derbys and flower-show trophies, comes with happy débouaire to the rescue.

He will, on Saturday at the Crystal Palace, present the trophy, valued at 100 guineas, to the cleverest banger of celluloid on baize, and incidentally may be relied on for a speech which will revive the drooping glories of this pastime.

SPORTING FIDDLER.

Two magnificent white-tailed eagles, supposed to be each sixty years old, have been shot at Gollitsch, on the Servian border, by a violinist of Vienna.

WOES OF THE TRADE.

Beer Must Still Be Taxed to Find Ships and Men.

Optimism is the prevailing characteristic of "the trade," whether in the carpeted board-room of the wealthy brewery or the sanded floor of the wayside public-house.

Only the hardiest Mark Tapleys of the most favoured trade would have ventured at the present juncture to interview the Chancellor of the Exchequer on the subject of a remission of taxation.

With a deficit variously estimated at from one to six millions, the pursekeeper of the country is hardly likely to loose his hold on one of the principal sources of revenue.

Three brewers alone—Guinness, Bass, and Watneys—pay nearly two millions duty, and it will take an altogether impossible creation of new taxes if the trade is to be left off.

Argument and right were on the side of the denutation yesterday, but unpleasant facts forced the Chancellor to be blind to their force.

MARVEL OF SURGERY.

Men with Broken Legs Able to Walk.

By the aid of one of the most marvellous inventions of modern surgery men with broken legs are now to be seen walking about in the London Hospital within a few days of their having been injured.

The invention was made by Hensing, a German carpenter, and it has been in use for some years on the Continent, but the London Hospital authorities say that theirs is the first English hospital to use it. The splint, which enables a man to use his broken limb without injuring it, is made by taking a plaster cast of the injured member, from this making a wooden model, and round the model to construct a leather case, strengthened by steel bands. This is laced so tightly round the fractured part that any movement of the broken bone is impossible, and so a man can walk without hindering the healing process. Ventilation is provided for by holes in the splint and strong steel supports reaching to the ground take all the weight thrown on the broken limb.

The "London Hospital Gazette" mentions three cases which have lately been successfully treated at the London Hospital. A man who slipped and broke both bones of his leg on January 28 was in such a condition that the splint appliance could not be put on until February 8. The man then got out of bed and walked so well without assistance that the knee-joint was allowed to be free.

A man with a fractured thigh was admitted on February 2, and the splint was applied on February 4. The patient walked across the ward on the third day after admission. He has been up every day since.

In a third case of fractured leg the splint was applied and the patient walked across the ward three days after admission. In less than three weeks he was out of the hospital, walking without a stick. The splint has also been found of the very greatest value in cases of disease of the elbow, hip, or knee.

With the aid of this invention it may soon be possible for one with a broken leg, instead of lying many weary weeks in bed, to go about his business supported by a splint which will be concealed by his clothes.

SACRED RATS.

Braintree Will Not Have its Favourites Poisoned.

Old-fashioned Braintree, in Essex, has from time immemorial been regarded as the happy hunting-ground of rats.

A century ago, when the credit of educating the youth of the town was equally divided between a couple of "academies," the usual fights between the scholars inspired the theme of a popular ditty, based upon the pugnacity of the local rats.

Braintree boys and rats have ever since been inseparably connected.

At the celebration of the King's Coronation, which was characterised by considerable enthusiasm at Braintree, owing to the fact that the cloth of gold for the King's robes was woven upon local looms, a giant rat, specially imported for the occasion, formed the principal attraction.

At the banquet which closed the festivities the local doctor, who is also coroner for that part of the county, was entrusted with the toast of the evening, and he dwelt with satisfaction upon the enterprise of the local committee in having produced the largest rat ever seen.

Suggestions that the present plague of rats should be thinned by poison have been received as rank heresy.

Meanwhile, the rats are gaining fresh courage, and are considerably enlarging the area of their activity.

Yesterday being market day, many farmers who drove in from the surrounding country took their wives and daughters to view the rat-ridden quarter.

Many visited the old thoroughfare with the expressed intention of capturing "one of those rats," and some lively scenes were witnessed.

PRINCESS AND HOSPITAL.

Having made a special journey from Windsor for the purpose Princess Christian took the chair at the Royal Free Hospital Court of Governors, held yesterday.

The annual report showed that the patients numbered 2,640, while those on the outside books totalled 39,908.

STARTLED COUNCILLOR.

Lambeth Bridge Iron Thin as a Threepenny Piece.

Mr. B. S. Straus, a member of the Bridges Committee of the London County Council, told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative yesterday that Lambeth Bridge was really in a very critical condition.

"I was driving a pair-horse phaeton over it a week ago," he went on, "and I was quite alarmed

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

Glasgow and New Zealand ports are from yesterday to be joined by a new steamship service inaugurated by the Tyser Line.

Mr. Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press of America, sailed from Southampton yesterday on the Kaiser Wilhelm II. after a two months' visit to Europe.

From Darlington yesterday the Cleveland Bridge Company dispatched the first instalment of the bridge over the Victoria Falls, Central Africa. This will be one of the wonders of the world, in one

span of 600 feet in length and 420 feet high, weighing 40,000 tons.

A horse which was the proud possessor of eight feet appeared recently in the horse market at St. Louis.

Colchester has, among other towns, secured as a trophy one of the big guns captured in the Boer war.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge was reported yesterday to be better. The King is being kept fully informed of his progress.

Blind workers in South London are, through the efforts of Lord Llangatock, to be provided with a mission hall in the Borough-road, Southwark.

General Sir Arthur Power Palmer was buried yesterday afternoon at Brompton Cemetery with full military honours. The King was represented by Major-General Sir Stanley Clarke.

Never has the outlook been brighter than since the breaking up of the great drought, said Mr. Waddell, Colonial Treasurer for New South Wales, speaking at Cowra yesterday.

Mr. Charles Lindsay Orr-Ewing, M.P., a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, who died at Dunskey, Wigtown, on December 17, has left £218,868.

No less a sum than £20,000 has been received by the Archbishop of York from an anonymous donor for the assistance of widows and orphans of the poorer clergy in that diocese.

Opening the Federal Parliament at Melbourne yesterday, Lord Northcote, Governor-General of the Commonwealth, said preferential trade would secure to Australia an immense and stable market.

Residents at Esher yesterday were afforded an opportunity of inspecting at Claremont the wedding presents received by Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. The presents will be on view again to-day.

"The Cooper's Arms," a public-house at Hursley, near Andover, has been totally destroyed by a fire, in the course of which a fireman, named Blake, was injured by falling bricks work.

The Channel turbine steamer Queen was temporarily disabled in Dover Bay yesterday by the entanglement of a wire hawser in her propeller. It was cleared by divers, and she left with the regular mid-day service.

Dr. Casertelli, of the English Roman Catholic Hierarchy, has received the King's permission to wear the order of Leopold, conferred on him by the King of the Belgians in recognition of his distinguished services to Oriental literature.

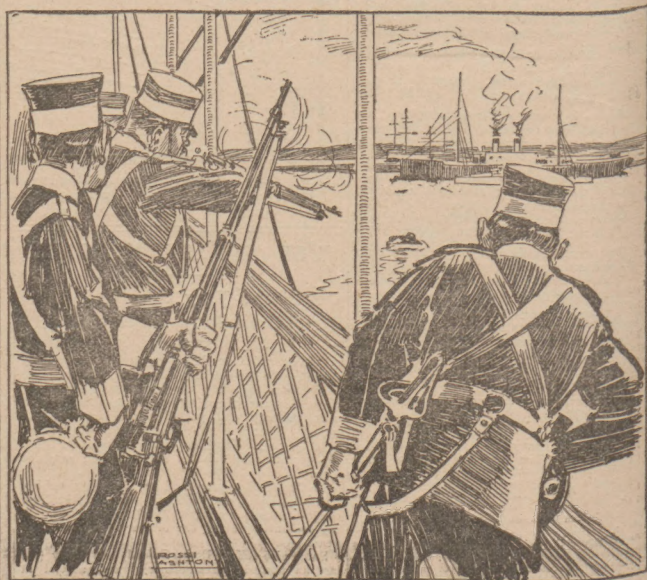
Major the Hon. H. J. Anson, whose death took place under tragic circumstances in Jersey last Friday, was buried in Haywood Churchyard, Staffordshire, yesterday, his brother, Lord Lichfield, and Lady Lichfield being among those present.

In the Victoria House of Representatives Mr. Watson, the Labour leader, gave notice of a motion protesting against the introduction of Chinese labour into the Transvaal until the white population had had an opportunity of voting upon the question.

Attorney-General Knox has advised the President of the United States that the Government must pay \$40,000,000 to the Panama Canal Company, and \$10,000,000 to Panama, which means that the transfer of the rights in the Canal will be made within a month.

In an encounter with a band of 100 Bulgarians near Bodantcha, one hour distant from Gheorgheli, at the end of last week, a Salonika telegram received by Reuter states the Turks lost nine soldiers and six gendarmes killed, and many wounded. The Bulgarians left eighteen killed. The fight had assumed a very serious aspect, troops guarding the railway being drawn off to take part, and it was not until Ibrahim Pasha arrived with artillery that the Bulgarians were forced to fly.

RUSSIAN SPY'S FATE.



Many Russian spies have been captured by the Japs. One of them, a Tartar disguised as a coolie, was found on board a transport and dived overboard before he could be secured. The guards fired at him, and he was shot dead as he swam away.

PREMIER CAPTURED BY A SALVATION LASS.



While Mr. Balfour was buying his ticket at Brighton to return to London and political strife, he was recognised and approached by a Salvation Army lass who was collecting for the Army's Self-denial Week. Mr. Balfour gave her the change from a sovereign which he had just received at the ticket office.

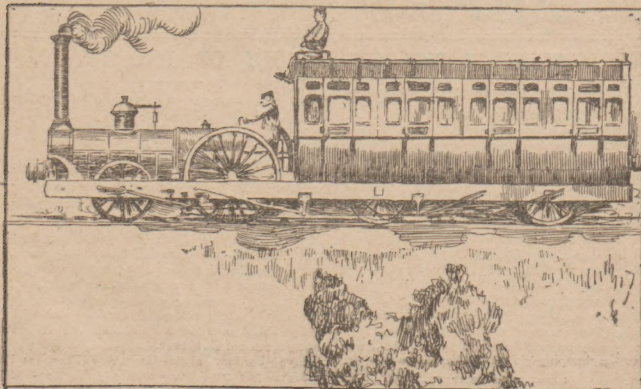
at the excessive movement. It was not only the swinging, for a suspension bridge always swings more or less, and should do so, but it seemed to pitch and toss like a ship in a head sea.

"Then you consider the condition of the bridge very bad indeed?" asked the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative.

"So bad," returned Mr. Straus, "that if we do not act very carefully and very promptly we may very possibly have to abandon it altogether."

The bridge was built in 1862 of iron, and cost £140,000 to build.

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.



Some of the railway companies have recently introduced motor coaches on their lines to replace the local passenger trains. In 1849 these motor railway coaches had a ferrierunner in this quaint-looking contrivance, the "Enfield Combined Engine and Train."

REDSKIN LOVER'S CRUEL FATE FOR SEEKING MAGIC AID.



The native ferocity of the North American Indian dies hard. Recently a young Indian brave in British Columbia prepared a charm to gain the love of a maiden of his tribe, but the medicine man scented a rival in the black art and denounced him to the headmen of the tribe. The poor lover was bound to a stake on the beach and left to be drowned by the incoming tide. He was luckily rescued by police officers.

50.55

DUFFERS ON THE STAGE.

Ellen Terry's Son Explains What He Would Do With Them.

The announcement that Mr. Gordon Craig, with the courage of youth, had determined to start a little theatrical school of his own under the very shadow, as it were, of the much-branching Tree, has encountered a little satire here and there. As a matter of fact, however, there is a good deal more shrewdness in Mr. Gordon Craig's scheme than has met the eye in print.

Mr. Craig, for instance, confesses—or at any rate he did so to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative—that his school is but a means to an end. That end is the possibility of productions in which play, scenery, and music shall be really in harmony with one another, instead of "shouting" in discordant competition for the attention, as they do so frequently.

Thus, then, is the real meaning of Mr. Craig's somewhat unconventional announcement that he means to include in the curriculum of his school, not acting alone, but "singing, dancing, scene-painting, costume-designing, illuminating, and other skilled crafts."

There is another reason also for the announcement. The great problem of the schoolmaster-manager of the future will be, obviously enough, how to "utilise the duffer."

The duffer arrives, he explains, sometimes with money—which is useful—but nearly always with a certain amount of enthusiasm, which, Mr. Craig gallantly contends, is more useful still.

Now, Mr. Craig believes that in the theatre there is a use for everyone, and that the enthusiasm of the duffer is an asset that may become of infinite value. Teach the duffer everything and he will probably show some special aptitude for something or other—possibly the triangle in the orchestra.

OLD PLAYS AND NEW.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell Will Probably Go On Tour.

At the St. James's Theatre at the conclusion shortly of the run of "Old Heidelberg," Mr. George Alexander will produce the adaptation of another German play, "Rosenmontag," which he has already tried in the country, with himself and Miss Lilian Braithwaite in the principal parts. The adaptation is made by Mr. Bleichmann, who did the same service for Mr. Alexander with "Old Heidelberg," and is entitled "Love's Carnival." It is more than probable that following this, when necessary, Mr. Alexander will produce Messrs. Fenn and Pryce's comedy, "Saturday to Monday."

At the Imperial Mr. Lewis Waller intended to precede "A Marriage of Convenience" with an exceedingly strong first piece entitled "The Wife of Ericson," by "Christopher St. John," who adapted "The Good Hope" for the Stage Society last year. But at the last moment he thought this might be rather too strong to precede Mr. Grundy's adaptation, and so he has commissioned Mr. Gayer Mackay to write him a new first piece.

With the reappearance of Miss Grace Lane as Mr. Waller's leading lady at the Imperial, Mrs. Patrick Campbell will, of course, leave Mr. Waller. She has ideas of a provincial tour, and in her mind's eye Sudermann's "Johannisfeuer," of which piece, by the way, Mrs. Bernard Beere holds the Australian rights. But there is something of a hitch with regard to the licensing of this piece.

No other port in the Australian Commonwealth but Hobart can accommodate so large a vessel as the New White Star Liner *Runic*, which draws 31ft. 6in., and sailed from there yesterday.

KAISER'S REVENGE.

Astounding Story of a Countess's Imprisonment.

A Court scandal is agitating society in Germany, writes our Geneva correspondent. The Countess Wedel-Berard recently published a volume entitled "My Relations with the Emperor William II.," which contains many revelations concerning German Court and society circles. The Kaiser was greatly angered at what he considered a breach of confidence, as the Countess was a personal friend, and he banished her from Berlin.

Subsequently Countess Berard became one of the most brilliant society leaders in the Austrian capital. The Countess then commenced another book of "revelations," it is said to avenge her exile, and, on her refusal to give up her project, she has been confined in an asylum at Basle, where she is at the present moment.

WHAT DOES MR. AUSTIN SAY?

"We have only one popular poet at present," said the manager of the Grosvenor Gallery Library, to a writer in the "Book Monthly," "and he is Mr. Kipling. If a new volume of verse by him appears, we can safely take a hundred copies; as many as we should have used of a book by Tennyson. I do not know if there is another poet of whom we should take more than half a dozen."

It would be interesting to hear the Poet Laureate's comment upon this.

Just as he commenced a sermon on death a priest at Cracow on Sunday last fell dead in his pulpit.

As a result of a collision between the Liverpool coroner's omnibus and an electric car yesterday two jurymen sustained injury.

SAVAGERY AND LOVE.

Supposed Sorcerer Rescued from a Terrible Doom.

A thrilling story, in which love, professional jealousy, and savage superstition played leading parts, comes to us from British Columbia. A Chinook Indian fell in love with the daughter of a chief.

Despairing of the success of his suit by ordinary means the lover, Dan Wahtoboo by name, devised a supposed infallible love charm and wore it night and day. Unfortunately, before he could test the success of the charm the tribal medicine man got wind of his stratagem, and fearing a rival in business, and perhaps also urged by the jealousy of love, he called the chiefs of the tribe together and accused the poor lover of practising magic arts.

It was decided that Dan Wahtoboo must confess or die. He was condemned to be tied to a stake and drowned by the rising tide.

Then began a terrible race for a man's life. Port Essington was thirty miles away. The lover was gagged and bound; the stake driven deep in the sands.

Stoically he faced the threatening waters, while the tribe stood on the rocks behind and gloated over his approaching death.

Suddenly far out on the water two black specks appeared. The moment passed, the water was at Wahtoboo's throat, and it rose surely. The black specks grew larger. They resolved themselves into a pair of racing canoes, one bearing the Indian agent, a constable, and a magistrate.

At the approach of the rescuers the watching Indians fled inland, and Wahtoboo was saved. The arrest of the ring-leaders quickly followed. They were dismissed from the council of the tribe with aggregate fines of £170.

YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

FROM BAR TO BAR.

The Forensic Achievements of a Canning Town Publican.

It was not mentioned in Mr. Justice Phillimore's Court yesterday at what date Mr. Short, of the Sir John Lawrence public-house, Canning Town, was first called to the bar. But since that eventful day, in his capacity of Boniface, he has doubtless been called very often.

Arguing probably that this circumstance eminently fitted him to perform the function of barrister, he stood up to plead his own case when the suit of Taylor v. Short was entered on.

Mr. Taylor is a gas-blower of convivial disposition—a gas-blower, that is to say, who likes to pass an evening in a suitable hostelry chatting and smoking with his friends. One Saturday evening in last March he selected for this purpose the bar-room of the Sir John Lawrence.

The evening passed merrily, so merrily, in fact, that when, in the course of expounding a view, Mr. Taylor let his clay pipe fall from his mouth on to the bar-room floor there was a friendly, hilarious scramble for it.

Unfortunately during the scramble Mr. Taylor's head came into violent contact with the head of a bosom friend of his—Mr. Bateson. More unfortunately still, the barmaid, under a mistaken notion of what had happened, called out that a fight was in progress.

The Gas-Blower's Exit.

From the Inner Temple—or, in simpler, though less appropriate, words, the bar parlour—Mr. Short emerged hurriedly. He is a man of commanding physique, so he found no difficulty in ejecting—as he considered his duty bade him—Mr. Taylor and another of the scramblers. The folding doors of the public-house offered no serious resistance to Mr. Taylor's exit, and the gas-blower found himself lying on his side on the pavement.

Yesterday he sued Mr. Taylor for damages in respect of a broken shin.

Mr. Short's cross-examination of Mr. Taylor was admitted on all sides to be a masterpiece. He adopted at once the intense, penetrating, yet collected, manner that is the hall-mark of the greatest forensic experts.

"Do you mean to suggest," he demanded of the trembling Mr. Taylor, "that gentlemen, or anybody else, would scramble on the floor for a paltry, dirty, common, clay pipe?"

Mr. Taylor's answer was to the effect that in this case, at any rate, gentlemen did scramble.

With a gesture of incredulity Mr. Short proceeded to illustrate Mr. Taylor's answer by an investigation of Mr. Taylor's career after the accident. He deftly induced Mr. Taylor to admit that since falling on the pavement he has lost his employment twice, once through convivality, and once because a fellow gas-blower, named Gray, much bigger than himself, smacked him in the face. But Mr. Taylor would not admit that this latter incident could be correctly described as a "fight."

Didn't Pay the Barber!

Mr. Justice Phillimore: I see. You were both naughty, and you were both dismissed because Gray smacked you.

Mr. Short (triumphantly, though hardly with his usual elegance): At any rate, you admit that that was the second time you got the sack.

Mr. Short was now destined to surpass himself by making a point of most exceeding subtlety. "Just before the occurrence of Saturday night," he asked, "did you not get shaved at a barber's three or four doors from my house?"

Mr. Taylor remembered that he had been so shaved on the Friday.

Mr. Short: And did you walk out without paying?

Mr. Taylor (positively): No.

Mr. Justice Phillimore (unable to follow the delicacy of Mr. Short's clever manoeuvre): What has this got to do with the matter?

Mr. Short: I only wanted to show what sort of a man he is.

Ultimately, in spite of Mr. Short's brilliant advocacy, the jury awarded Mr. Taylor £27 10s. damages.

APPEAL INVOLVING £3,000,000.

Success attended the appeal heard yesterday on behalf of the New River Company against the decision of the Metropolitan Water Board on the question of the limitation of divisible profits.

The main point for decision was whether on the true construction of the company's various Acts and the charter of James I. the limitation of the profits to be divided among the shareholders to 10 per cent. applied to this company. The solution of the question involved a sum of not less than £3,000,000. The Master of the Rolls said that the appeal must be allowed, as the clause limiting the dividend could not be applied to the company.

Leave was given the Water Board to appeal to the House of Lords.

CORPORAL AS CO-RESPONDENT.

Mr. Sidney Stevens, a chief petty officer in H.M. Navy, yesterday sought from Sir F. Jeune a divorce by reason of the adultery of his wife, Alice, with the co-respondent, Corporal Robert Rush, of the Royal Engineers, against whom damages were claimed. The suit was undefended.

Petitioner and co-respondent appeared together till 1900, when he was ordered away to take part in the relief of Pekin. On his return his wife confessed to misconduct, which the co-respondent also admitted.

The jury found for the petitioner, damages £75, the President granting a decree nisi with costs.

WORKMAN AS WEATHER-WATCHER.

It transpired during the hearing of summonses at Southwark Police Court yesterday against the City of London Electric Lighting Company, Limited, in respect of a smoke nuisance, that a workman was kept at the top of the works as weather-watcher. The approach of dark clouds often meant great increased consumption of light, and, as a result, extra feeding of furnaces.

PIG DRIVING AS AN ART.

The Gentle Touch Which Meets with Most Success.

Pig driving, considered as an art only acquired from long and intimate acquaintance with the diverse moods of the porcine race, was inquired into at Clerkenwell County Court yesterday. Henry Woods, a farmer, living at Mitcham, was sued for £50 damages by Wm. Hetherington, a Clerkenwell coachman.

While the coachman's horse and brougham were standing in the Broadway, Wimbledon, he asserts that a pig belonging to the defendant got under the horse's legs, causing it to take fright and throw him from the box.

John George Field, who described himself as an old hand at pig driving, was a witness of the accident. He did not think the right means were adopted of bringing the straying pig back. The driver slashed it on the back with a whip, whereas he should have touched it lightly on the side of the head.

Counsel for Defendant: Is not a whip the proper thing to drive pigs with?—No; if you ever have to drive pigs you will find a stick the best.

Is it not a matter of taste?—Not so far as the pigs are concerned.

Plaintiff's Counsel: Did the cut from the whip make the pig squeal?—Yes.

Did it sound like "There is nothing like leather?"—No; it was a short, snappy squeal.

The defendant stated that his wife owned the business, and he was only a servant, after which Judge Edge said he would adjourn the case for her to be added as defendant.

Addressing the jury, his Honour remarked: I suppose that in a short time all our wives will be



MR. GRANT RICHARDS, the well-known publisher, was sued yesterday for part of the purchase price of a pearl necklace, valued at £410. He contended that he only took the necklace on approval, and won his case.

carrying on business, and we shall be in the position of servants, happy in the fact that we are all free from legal liability.

LUCKY LUCK'S CURE FOR TRAMPS.

The name of the man finally selected by the Windsor Board of Guardians yesterday, out of ninety-three applicants for the post of porter at the workhouse, was Luck. He had been run close by two men named Fisher and Fishlock, but the good fortune attaching to his name, combined with the evidence and the method by which he claims to have reduced the number of tramps at Chippenham Workhouse by a thousand in twelve months, won him the day.

Luck explained to the guardians that by this method he required each tramp to break up twelve hundredweight of Bristol rock so that each piece would pass through a two-inch ring.

BEG RATHER THAN OWE.

Two small boys stood in the dock at Bow-street yesterday on a charge of begging in the Strand.

Questioned by the magistrate as to why they asked for money, one of the boys said he had joined a portrait club, and wanted to pay his subscription. The other said he had borrowed some money from another schoolboy, and he wanted to repay it.

Both were discharged with a caution.

THE BRIEF BAG.

Having lasted less than three days—an unusually short period—the Central Criminal Court Session ended yesterday.

Mr. John Lockie, M.P., of Devonport, attended at Newcastle Bankruptcy Court yesterday for public examination, and said that in 1903 his excess of expenditure over income was £9,000. He lost a large sum in certain companies which went into liquidation.

"I have friends who say 'season,' and thought I would do the same," was the excuse offered by an actress named Jay when asked for her ticket. At the South-Western Police Court, summoned by the L. and S.W. Railway for travelling with intent to defraud, she was fined 30s. and costs.

"It is bad enough for a man to be drunk in the street, but horrible for a drunken man to be in charge of a ponderous steam engine." So said Mr. Fordham at North London Police Court yesterday in fining William Woodley, an Ipswich engine driver, guilty of the offence, 25s. or fourteen days.

SUBURBAN LONELINESS.

Discovered After Lying Dead for Three Weeks.

To his neighbours in Fairlight-road, Tooting, the solitary occupant of No. 41 had been known as John Smith. He was a middle-aged man of gentlemanly bearing, and as far as could be judged from appearances in a position of independence,



Yesterday Mr. Short, a Canning Town publican, conducted his own defence when summoned by one of his customers. His skill showed his daily practice at the bar.

but beyond this those who had become accustomed to his presence in their midst had no knowledge of his circumstances or clue to his past history. Apparently he seldom, if ever, had visitors, and preferred to lead a life apart from social intercourse.

Each month the agent deputed to collect the rent called at the house. But three weeks ago, making his customary visit, he was unable to obtain any answer to his knock. On two succeeding occasions he called, but in each instance he failed to make anyone hear. As no explanation was forthcoming yesterday the door was forced open.

Smith, as he was known, was found lying dead in his bed. It was obvious that he must have been dead for many days. Heart failure is believed to have been the cause of his death. The police, who had been called in, found documents which lead them to suppose that the man's real name was Sheehan. There was other evidence which indicated that he was possessed of good means.

The coroner's officer discovered a revolver, and pointed that it was loaded by pulling the trigger, with the result that a report followed and a bullet lodged in the wall opposite.

An inquest on Smith, or Sheehan, will be held to-morrow.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

Hospitals Open to Barter Useless Gifts.

"And the committee also wish to tender their sincere thanks to the friends who have sent useful gifts to the hospital during the past year."

These words, which formed part of the secretary's report at the annual meeting of Governors at a London hospital, suggested to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative that hospitals might receive useless as well as useful gifts.

"You are perfectly right," said the secretary, in answer to the query. "Although we did not wish to make any pointed reference to the fact in our report, we are constantly receiving gifts for which we can find no possible use. Some of them we can exchange for useful articles; others we can sell, and sometimes we decide to call the attention of a benevolent but thoughtless donor to the uselessness of his gift. When this course is taken we generally effect a satisfactory exchange."

Inquiries made yesterday at various London hospitals reveal a similar state of affairs at nearly all of them. It seems, therefore, that it would not be a bad plan if a central exchange bureau, a sort of clearing house, could be established for gifts to hospitals.

In advocacy of this suggestion the secretary of one of the hospitals yesterday pointed out that many articles found useless at one hospital would be eminently suitable for another.

"For instance," he remarked, "a set of false teeth sent to a children's hospital might very well be exchanged for a rocking-horse received by an adult hospital, and so on."

On behalf of the hospitals it is urged that the benevolently inclined should exercise a judicious discrimination in their selection of gifts, and, by trying to suit the articles they send to the requirements of the patients, save hospital authorities considerable perplexity.

"WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY" EXPLAINED.

Undue credit was given to wireless telegraphy the other day for conveying news to the "Times" from Chemulpho. It is now explained that the intelligence referred to was conveyed by steamer to Wei-hai-Wei!

It is now reported that the Japanese military authorities object to newspaper steamers carrying apparatus for wireless telegraphy.

ABDUCTION CHARGE ACQUITTAL.

Abraham Kauffman, a Covent Garden salesman, was at the Central Criminal Court yesterday acquitted in respect of a charge of abducting a young girl named Ellen Brickley, of Newton-street, Holborn.

The Common Sergeant ruled there was not sufficient evidence to support the prosecution.

NOT SUITABLE.

Pearl Necklace Which the Publisher Had to Return.

An interesting piece of absence of mind on the part of Mr. Grant Richards, of publishing fame, was the subject of an action brought against him before Mr. Justice Channell yesterday.

Mr. Grant Richards, it was indicated in court, thought that what was really a pearl necklace was a book suitable for possible publication, and treated it as such.

It happened in September last that Mr. Grant Richards paid a visit to the premises in Piccadilly of the Diamond Merchants' Alliance. The object of his visit was to purchase a cigar-case, but he was persuaded to "look at" a pearl necklace. He wanted a pearl necklace, he said, as a present for his wife.

The price quoted was £410, a reduction of £40 from the figure at which the necklace was originally marked.

Mr. Richards took the necklace away with him "on approval." What could be more natural than that, forgetting for the time being that he was not dealing with his own expected wares, submitted the necklace to "readers" in the shape of expense in the value of jewellery.

One "reader" said that the necklace was worth publish—worth buying for £150. Another appraised it at £250.

Not satisfied with the reports Mr. Richards returned the necklace, explaining that he was sure that he did not think there would be a sufficient demand for it on the part of the reading public on the part of his wife.

But the Diamond Merchants' Alliance took a different view of what "on approval" meant, and brought an action to recover the first instalment of the price they said was agreed upon, viz., £100.

Mr. Grant Richards Explains.

With eyeglass in eye, and in the same tone of voice which he uses to encourage young literary aspirants, Mr. Richards explained how he had submitted the necklace to the "readers," and that he kept it locked in his desk, as is the way of publishers with works on hand. He kept it there until just before his wife returned home from a short stay out of town, and then he sent it back.

Many elegant compliments were paid to both sides. It was in reference to this business experience that Mr. Justice Channell, in explaining his want of technical knowledge, in a certain point said: "I am not a man in a large way of business, and I do not make these large purchases." (Subdued laughter.)

In giving his decision, Mr. Justice Channell pointed out that it was obvious that there had been a misunderstanding. Under these circumstances there was no complaint against judgment, and he entered for the defendant, Mr. Richards.

WHERE MONKEYS BEAT MEN.

"Observation of animals, and especially monkeys, has convinced me that one-sidedness is not their prevailing feature."

Thus Mr. Jackson, founder of the Ambidexterity Culture Society, yesterday afternoon disposed of the theory that we inherit one-sidedness from them. Mr. Jackson finds from the reports of tamers that there is no indication in the hides that animals have any predilection for lying on one particular side.

Miss McMillan, who spoke, condemned the system adopted by teachers of children as being pernicious and detrimental in every way to the culture of ambidexterity. There was every justification for believing that with proper training in childhood something in this direction could be obtained.

MILLIONAIRE'S GIFT STAG KILLED.

A stag that has been killed on the line near Battle, Sussex, was valued at upwards of £100. It was presented to the Mid-Kent Stag Hunt by Mr. Wynans, an American millionaire, living at Exmouth, Ashford, some forty years ago, and was known as the Knight of Serendale.

LORD MILNER AND THE CITY.

Markets opened in a confident mood yesterday, and there was no Continental selling and no talk of Continental failure. The movements were very quiet, especially Consols, Foreigners, and Kafirs. Quite a number of shares were sold, but the market was not very active.

The general tendency of the markets was pretty well reflected by the Consols, movements, which after being fairly quiet, finished somewhat dull. Moreover, Lord Milner's remarks about the advisability of floating £3,000,000 of Transvaal loan were not liked.

It was that of the Highland, paying 14 per cent. annum, against 1 per cent. a year ago, but as London does not often deal in Highland stock it did not make much difference.

Dealers in American Rails found more to admire in one another than in their various stocks. In fact, the market was not altogether happy.

From Canada came news of another snowstorm, which was the reason why Canadian Rails were weak, although they improved later. Argentine and Mexican Rails had a very fine array of traffic, owing to the carnival being with Ash Wednesday and Carnival week last year, but the Rosario traffic did not come to the fore.

Foreigners and Consols seemed to move with one another. In other words, they were good, and were being bought and sold. The market was better later, and that is about all that can be said about foreigners.

Quite a sensational feature was a jump of £50 in New River stock, owing to the appeal against the arbitration being given in favour of the company. The West African were pulled higher, in preparation for new issues, said the cynic. Westernals were also higher, thanks to a 2s. 6d. dividend on the Oroya and promises of better things to come. Kafirs were also higher, though here we are really at a loss for a reason, unless it was that Paris was not selling.

TO THE DEAF

A Gentleman who cured himself of Deafness and Noise in the Head after fourteen years of suffering, will gladly send full particulars, on request, on a stamped addressed envelope, to the Editor of THE DEAF, H. CROFT, 21, Ambury House, Norfolk-street, Strand, London, W.C.

WELCOMING THE FIRST INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE FORCES.



John Bull to the Duke of Connaught—"I'm delighted to hear of your appointment, Sir, and you see what they think of it."

W.K.
Haselden

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT, at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8.20 by THE WIDOW WOOL.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.20.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, WESTMINSTER.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
LAST FOUR PERFORMANCES.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30.
A QUEEN'S ROMANCE.
By John Davidson.

Ray Bias..... Mr. LEWIS WALLER.
The Queen of Spades..... Mr. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
LAST MATINEE, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30.

IMPERIAL THEATRE.
On TUESDAY EVENING NEXT, March 8.
MR. LEWIS WALLER
will revive
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sidney Grundy. Tel. 3193, Gerrard.
Box office open 10 to 10.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
WILL APPEAR EVERY EVENING, at 8.20, in
TWO NEW PLAYS.
LAST THREE MATINEES, March 5, 9, and 12, at 2.15.

OLD HEIDELBERG. LAST NIGHTS.
OLD HEIDELBERG. ST. JAMES'S.

OLD HEIDELBERG. LAST 3 MATINEES.
SATURDAYS, March 5 and 12, and
WEDNESDAY, March 9, at 2.15. ST. JAMES'S.

PERSONAL.

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Offices of the Daily Illustrated Mirror are—
2, CARMELITE-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.
TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1310 Halborn.
The West End Offices of the Daily Illustrated Mirror
are—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND-STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 3988 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror is sent direct by post to
any part of the United Kingdom at the rate of 1d. a
day (which includes postage), payable in advance; or
it is sent for one month on receipt of 2s. 6d.; for three
months, 6s. 6d.; for six months, 12s.; or for a year, 25s.
To subscribers abroad the terms are: For three months,
9s. 6d.; for six months, 19s. 6d.; for twelve months, 39s.;
payable in advance.
Remittances should be crossed "Barclay and Co.,
and made payable to the Manager, Daily Illustrated
Mirror.

The Daily
Illustrated Mirror.

THURSDAY, MARCH 3, 1904.

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"SOMEONE TO HANG."

In commenting upon the formal confirma-
tion of an appointment which we announced
some weeks ago, several of our contemporaries
talked yesterday about the Duke of Con-
naught succeeding Lord Roberts as head of
the Army. This is nonsense. To begin
with, the King is the head of the Army, as he
always has been since he came to the Throne;
and to go on with, the Duke of Connaught's
duties as Inspector-General will be entirely
different from those of the late Commander-
in-Chief.

It is the new Army Council which will be
responsible for providing us with an army
suited to our needs, and for keeping it in a
proper state of readiness for war. What the
Duke will do will be to report to the Council
upon the efficiency of the forces, and to re-
commend any measures which seem to him
to be required in order to make them more
efficient.

There has been some unfavourable criti-
cism of his Royal Highness's appointment,
based upon the view that the Inspector-
General ought to be someone who could be
hanged if things went wrong. But this view
betrays yet another misconception of the
Duke's position. His responsibility will be
very limited. If an Inspector-General were
to report that the troops were fit and ready,
and if his opinion were to be proved wrong
by failure in the field, the Nation would cer-
tainly be right in laying the blame of failure
upon him. But so long as the post is held
by a wide-awake, competent officer—and

there is none more capable of pointing out
defects than the Duke of Connaught—the
Army Council will have to bear the whole
brunt of the Nation's anger in the event of a
military disaster, due to want of preparation
beforehand.

Suppose, for example, that the Duke had
been Inspector-General before the South
African war, and that he had declared the
Army to be as efficient as circumstances per-
mitted, no fault could have been imputed to
him. He would, beyond question, have
pointed out that our system of training officers
was defective; that our arrangements for pro-
viding remounts were absurd; that the men
were not taught the kind of tactics which
would be most useful in South Africa. But
he would have had no power whatever to carry
out reforms in these directions. Nor would
he have had anything to do with the policy
which allowed war to break out long before
we were ready to fight.

It would not, we are convinced, have been
wise to create another royal prince Com-
mander-in-Chief. Just as we make the King's
Ministers, and not the King, responsible for
mistakes in national policy, so we should
avoid putting any member of the reigning
family into a position in which he might incur
the anger of the Nation, and bring the royal
house into discredit. But there is no reason
whatever why our princes should not serve the
State in positions for which their abilities
qualify them, so long as those positions do
not carry with them any large degree of re-
sponsibility.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

A barge-master, giving evidence at the City
of London Court, employed red-tape in illus-
trating how some ropes were tied. This is
believed to be the first time that the com-
modity in question has ever been of any prac-
tical use.

There has just died in America an old man
who declared that he remembered hearing a
speech by George Washington. Americans
scarcely know whether to mourn the loss of a
gifted romancer or to rejoice at the extinc-
tion of one who made the great Republic look
so painfully young.

The amounts paid in duty by the three
largest brewing firms in the course of a year
total nearly two millions. We leave it to
our readers to compute how much beer this

represents, how many battle-ships it would
float, how many battle-ships could have been
bought with the money spent on beer, and
what would be the result of an engagement
between these two fleets.

The Japanese troops in Korea are said to
be suffering much discomfort from a partial
thaw. The Londoner wading through several
inches of mud yesterday afternoon was in a
position to understand and sympathise with
their sufferings.

The latest prosecution in Germany is that
of the publisher of a work which is alleged to
be a libel on the army. The writer uses the
name of "Xsentriff," which the authorities
claim to be clear proof that he has been
kicked out of the army.

THE ONLY REAL NEWS.

Tell me not of strange equations
Bearing on the Fiscal Question,
For the thought of calculations
Gives me moral indigestion.
Tell me not the daily wages,
Germans, Swiss, or Poles are earning;
Write it in some Blue Book's pages.
'Tis not that for which I'm yearning.

Tell me not of heavy fighting
'Twixt the giddy Jap and Russian;
Once I found that theme exciting,
Now it isn't worth discussion.
Tell me not their every motion,
It conveys no clear idea;
For I've not the slightest notion
What will happen in Korea!

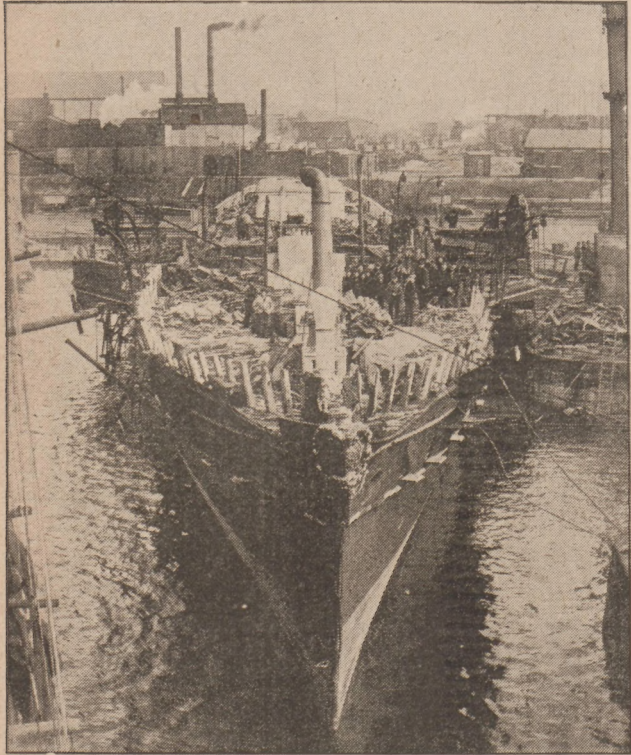
But with realms Antipodean
Please communicate by cable;
Let me, I beseech you, see an
Early message if you're able.
Stretch not the suspense unduly,
Read the fateful dots and dashes;
Tell me quickly, tell me truly,
Are they bringing back the Ashes?

During the Test Match yesterday one of the
crowd actually walked across the ground
during an adjournment for rain, and patted
the wicket with his hands. It is reassuring
to learn, on the authority of the Central News,
that "he did no damage."

A Japanese paper remarks that the English
stage lacks Joruri, namely singing by a
chorus while the actor expresses his emotions
in pantomime. In this country, however, the
Joruri business is sometimes taken on by the
audience, but the actor who is reduced to
gesticulating seldom appreciates it.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

VANISHING ROYAL RELIC.



The work of breaking up the old royal yacht, the Victoria and Albert, is in active progress at Portsmouth. With the exception of a few pieces of decoration, specially selected by the King, this historic boat will soon be destroyed. [Cribb, Photo]

LIANE AT LAST.

France's Most Bejewelled Actress Returns to the Stage.

Many rounds of enthusiastic applause greeted Mlle. Liane de Pougy's return to the Paris stage, says our correspondent. With the exception of those privileged Parisians who saw her at dinner at the Moulin Rouge the other day, when the *Daily Illustrated Mirror's* photographer managed to get the snapshot of

her and Miss Marion Winchester (the lady in the "lampshade" hat), Paris has not seen Madeleine de Pougy for some time. She has been devoting her great gifts to other matters and to literature, and it is whispered that a new book by the authoress of "L'Insaissable" is soon to appear.

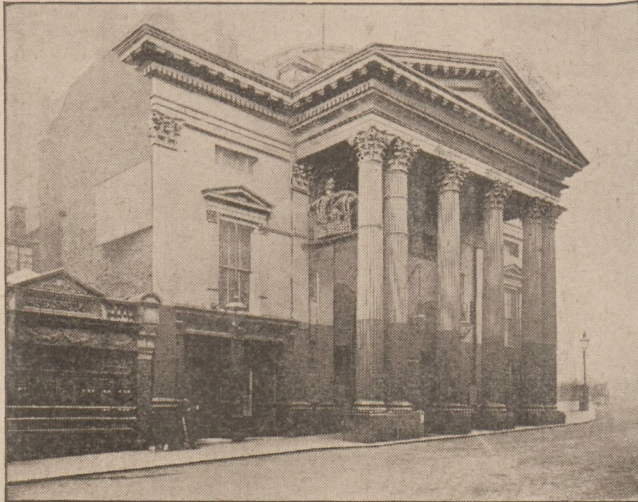
Meanwhile, the most bejewelled actress on the Paris stage (when she was photographed she wore a fine pearl necklace round her fair neck and a magnificent collar of black pearls and sapphires beneath it) is earning fresh laurels on the stage of the Moulin Rouge, in "Offenbach-Revue," a clever medley of old favourites.

NOVEL TURN AT THE LONDON PAVILION.



Miss Ross-Selwicke is the originator of the latest music hall novelty. While a song is sung "off," Miss Ross-Selwicke performs a clever and pretty pantomimic dance expressive of the melody. [Reutlinger, Photo]

LAST OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



The fittings of the Lyceum Theatre, so long associated with the names of Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, have now been sold by auction previous to the housebreakers taking possession of the building. Sentimental considerations did not seem to affect the bidding. [Dulbeck & Co., Photo]

FRANCE'S MOST BEJEWELLED ACTRESS.



Mlle. Liane de Pougy, whose beautiful jewels are the envy of Parisiennes, has just returned to the French stage after a somewhat lengthy absence, during which she is said to have written a novel. This photograph of Mlle. de Pougy and Miss Marion Winchester, who wears the "lampshade" hat, was taken specially for the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* at the Moulin Rouge. Note the magnificent collar of black pearls and sapphires.

MISS ELSA STEELE.

A Young English Actress Who Has Made a Hit in a German Play.

If one need not, as the proverb has it, "go abroad to hear home news," one must at least go to the little Royalty Theatre in Soho, at present captured by the German company, to see the latest really important addition to the galaxy of English actresses. For as such one must describe Miss Elsa Steele, who is creating an enormous sensation in Gerhardt Hauptmann's poetical play "Hannele."

Though she acts in German Miss Elsa Steele is of English extraction upon her father's side, and shares with Miss Margaret Halstan, who has also made several bright appearances in Dean-street, the boast of being able to act equally well in English and in German.

"Hannele" is a weird little combination of horrible realism and quite exquisite fancy. It tells of a little beggar-maid who had tried to drown herself and had been rescued. Before she dies she has visions—some dreadful, some beautiful. She first thinks she sees her drunken father just about to strike her, and is so terrified that she jumps out of her miserable little truckle-bed and is found in a swoon upon the floor. Afterwards, however, she is comforted by the sight of angels, and even of Christ himself. In the end she is discovered to have died already.

Miss Elsa Steele, who, of course, plays Hannele, understands and interprets not only the horror but the beauty of Hauptmann's conception with a simplicity and sincerity that are more than worth the pilgrimage to Soho. There is no melodramatic whine about her dying in the limelight. It is ghastly and realistic enough, in all conscience! Small and thin as is Miss Steele's face under any circumstances, it counterfeits the shadow of death at the Royalty with a conscientiousness that makes the theatre a place of awe and silence through the whole scene.

From a Swiss local newspaper: "The report having been spread that F.G. — has appeared to us since his death, we hereby declare that this is quite untrue, and warn all persons against spreading the report under pain of prosecution."



MISS ELSA STEELE shares with Miss Margaret Halstan the distinction of being one of the only two English actresses who play equally well in both English and German. She has created a sensation in the German play "Hannele" at the Royalty Theatre.

TUTORED

Cetywayo's Son and Anklets to

"H.R.H. Prince Cetywayo famous Zulu king who British in 1882, is studying Reading Room. "My living, as my private in a *Daily Illustrated Mi*



"H.R.H. PRINCE He is the third son of and is at present studying in order to civilise his

to learn as much as I can people, so as to enlighten return. I am reading anything likely to be useful. He likes England and dress. "I can't stand pointing to his immaculate. Still, it would hardly do in a skin and anklets!" he explained confidentially roll myself in a blanket "Look," he went on, hand, "a lion did that scar extending right across hunt lion with a rope and We surround him, lass his back. Before he up with a bag of stones his nose and stupefies him We rush in and disperse On this occasion I had

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Unlike our own War C In this excellent mill

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

TUTORED SAVAGE.

Cetywayo's Son Prefers a Skin and Anklets to a Frock Coat.

"H.R.H. Prince Cetywayo," the third son of the famous Zulu king who was captured by the British in 1882, is studying at the British Museum Reading Room. "My object is not to earn my living, as my private income is sufficient," he told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, "but



"H.R.H. PRINCE CETYWAYO." He is the third son of the famous Zulu king, and is at present studying at the British Museum in order to civilise his nation on his return to Africa.

to learn as much as I can from English books and people, so as to enlighten my countrymen on my return. I am reading law, history, and, in fact, anything likely to be useful."

He likes England and the English, but not their dress. "I can't stand these things," he said, pointing to his immaculate frock coat and trousers. Still, it would hardly do for me to go about London in a skin and anklets! But I take it out at night! he explained confidentially, for I strip and simply roll myself in a blanket.

"Look," he went on, suddenly holding out his hand, "a lion did that." "That" was a great scar extending right across the palm. "We often hunt lion with a rope and assegais—without a gun. We surround him, lasso him, and throw him on his back. Before he can recover a man runs up with a bag of strong poison, pushes it under his nose and stupefies him—for the moment. Then we rush in and dispatch him with assegais. On this occasion I had the poison. I ran up,



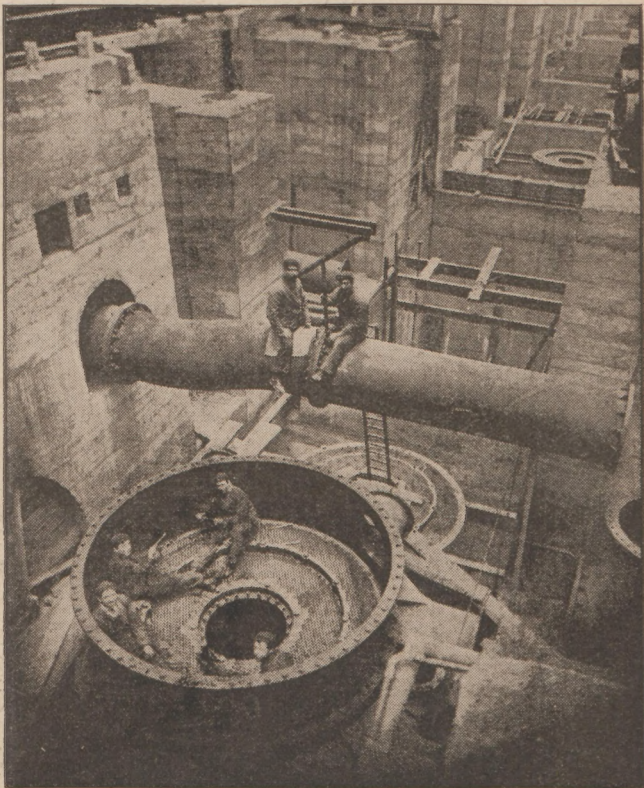
Julius M. Price

Cossack troops are kept very busy in protecting the Siberian Railway from the attacks of the Chinese, who, instigated, it is said, by Japanese secret agents, make incessant attempts to destroy the track. When the Cossacks have succeeded in making a capture, their treatment of the prisoners is not of a kind to conciliate the native population.

JAPANESE MAP OF PORT ARTHUR.



Unlike our own War Office, the Japanese military authorities are fully alive to the advantage of good maps. In this excellent military map of Port Arthur, prepared by the Japanese, the names are printed in both English and Japanese characters.



Some idea of the enormous work involved in the electrification of the District Railway can be gathered from this photograph, which shows men at work on one of the huge boiler settings, at the electric generating station in Chelsea, the largest machinery plant of the kind in the world.



ving and Miss Ellen lion of the building. (Bulbeck & Co.

ESS.



turned to the French el. This photograph s taken specially for pearls and sapphires.



TEELE stan the distinction of lish actresses who play and German. She has an play "Hannele" at reatre,

You Can Begin Our Fascinating New Serial To-day.

AT A MAN'S MERCY.

By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

HOW THE STORY BEGINS.

Sir George Graham, a selfish and by no means affluent baronet, has two daughters, Pauline and Cynthia. Pauline has married John Woodruffe, a rich man, a fine fellow and a man of aesthetic taste. Although Sir George has received many favours from Woodruffe, he dislikes him, and determines that Cynthia shall marry one Fabian Griswold, a millionaire, who is utterly repugnant to the girl, both in spirit and in body. When the story opens Cynthia has a meeting with Arthur Stanton, a handsome young fellow of good birth and some means in prospect—to which he mysteriously refers—to whom she plights her troth. That same night at Langton's End, the country seat of Sir George, the two sisters, Pauline and Cynthia, exchange confidences. Pauline, Woodruffe's wife, is in terrible trouble. Some years before she became the wife of Woodruffe, and whilst still a mere girl, she had been entrapped into a secret marriage with an utter scoundrel, Miles Farmiloe, a family connection. Farmiloe, after casting the girl off, and bidding her to think of the secret marriage as a mere empty form, sets forth to visit Mexico, but it is reported that he and every soul on board the vessel in which he sailed has perished. During this momentous interview between the sisters at Langton's End, Pauline reveals the fact that Farmiloe has returned, that he had a wife already when he married her, and that he demands a price for his silence.

Cynthia, to save her sister, goes up to London to take counsel with her uncle, Oswald Drummond. Whilst she is telling him the whole story, both as to Farmiloe's return and as to her own engagement with Arthur Stanton, her uncle Drummond, a hard business man, shows some irritation as to her not having preferred Fabian Griswold, and produces some magnificent jewels from his safe, saying: "Why, all there—and amongst them this world-famed emerald—were intended for you by Griswold." One of the beautiful gems falls on to the floor, and Cynthia is just disarranging a heavy curtain, in order the better to look for the gem, when there stands revealed to her the form of her lover, Stanton, whom she had thought miles away.

She is about to utter an exclamation, when the electric light is switched off suddenly, there is a scuffle and a cry, and Oswald Drummond, Cynthia's uncle, gasps out, "Save the emerald!" In the darkness, Cynthia rushes to the door to give the alarm. When she returns to the room the light has been switched on again, and Oswald Drummond lies on the floor, stabbed in the back and dead, whilst the jewels and all traces of Arthur Stanton have disappeared. Apart from the horror, but one thought is in the mind of Cynthia, namely, the presence there of her lover just before, and as she falls insensible on the dead body of her uncle, she gives the one hoarse cry, "Arthur."

Pauline comes to the house of death, and Cynthia tells her what she saw, yet crying at the same time that "Arthur can explain." Later, leaving her asleep, Pauline steals down to the room where the murder was committed. She finds the emerald. If she can only sell it, it will buy her freedom from Farmiloe.

CHAPTER VI. The Evil in Her.

Pauline Woodruffe was sitting alone in her boudoir in Stanhope-street, staring intently at the fire. Her slender, elegantly shaped feet rested on the hammered bronze fender, she leaned back and in the deep, low chair, her hands, bearing magnificent rings, held absently to the warm of the leaping flames, which glowed through the delicate flesh, a tender, luminous rose.

There was no light in the room but that of the fire, the best of all lights for meditation; it filled the boudoir with a pleasant mellowness, its sudden bursts displayed a charming picture, gleamed on the beautiful old Empire furniture, found a hundred reflected images of itself in the polished floor, and lingered tenderly on new beauties of tone in the Persian praying rugs, the dearest treasures of John Woodruffe's house, and valuable almost beyond computation.

An ideal light, an ideal room, an ideal time for pleasant musings, but Pauline's meditation was far from pleasant. It would have been hard to find in all London a more miserable woman than John Woodruffe's wife.

Oswald Chichester Drummond had been laid in his grave with all due pomp and circumstance. The papers after ringing with his name had ceased all mention of him.

In England a murder has not even the proverbial nine days' notoriety; they are too commonplace. The inquest had revealed nothing fresh; it had resolved itself into a recapitulation of bare facts, and a verdict in accordance had been returned. The police, while redoubling their efforts, con-

fessed themselves baffled; they were working in the dark, for they had no clues, however faint, to go upon.

The facts were bald. On the night of February 3 Mr. Oswald Drummond had been stabbed in the back in his own library in Berkeley-square, robbed of a considerable number of valuable jewels, and left dead.

But no one knew the hand that had struck him down. There the case, so far as the public were concerned, ended. But one woman in that house, steeped in agonising knowledge, prayed to God out of the deep of her despair, that he would blot remembrance from her.

Pauline passed the events of the past few days before her. They settled in her brain like a series of kaleidoscopic views designed by the mind of some archfiend. From the soul-paralysing moment when Miles Farmiloe had made himself known to her to the final awful catastrophe which began with the murder of her uncle and ended with Cynthia's terrible revelation about her lover, Arthur Stanton.

And her discovery in the hall, her detention of the emerald. The thought stifled her. She flung out her hands with a little cry of anguish that sounded unpeopled dreary in the empty room.

What had prompted her to such madness, such useless madness?

She stood up and laid her head on her arms on the mantelpiece.

When she had fled guiltily up the stairs to Cynthia she had not meant to keep the emerald—not really, she told herself. She was mad with fear and suspense, with the whole terrible avalanche of horror which had descended upon them. Half-dazed with grief as she was, its beautiful greenness had met her eyes with a promise of hope. It was very valuable; with such a gem in her possession she need fear nothing—she could keep Miles Farmiloe at bay, even if Cynthia had failed in her endeavour to gain the hush money.

Then when with morning had come reason and realisation, when she saw that the jewel was useless to her, that she dared not sell it, why had she not gone to her husband and told him the truth?

She gripped the grey marble of the mantelpiece fiercely as she put the question to herself. Why? Why? A hundred excuses drifted through her mind; with the fierce self-scorn of frightened penitence she tore their flimsiness aside. The naked, ugly fact remained that she had kept silence while each moment, each fraction of time made speech more difficult. Now that the moments had weaved themselves to hours, and the hours had run a ceaseless chain to days, speech was impossible.

And the grim irony of it. The terrible uselessness of her fall from honour!

Cynthia was now in a position to give her what she needed. Most unexpectedly the girl had inherited her uncle's fortune—a fortune considerable, curtailed, it was true, a great deal of Oswald Drummond's money had been locked up in the stolen jewels. Still, there was an income—capital on which to draw. Something to stop the yawning yaw of scandal—to silence Miles Farmiloe.

Even now she was waiting for her sister who had promised to bring her the notes for the eight hundred pounds that afternoon, which were to pay off the blackmail.

She got up and began to pace the room.

Was it really too late to tell her husband? She racked her brains for some plausible excuse. She might have discovered the emerald caught in the flosses of the gown—she had worn on the fatal night—that it had come to her through the post—that she found it where it had been gathered in with some garments of Cynthia's.

The idea pleased her; it seemed so easy a way out of her difficulty; all her life long she had believed the theory that if you leave a troublesome, mental knot long enough it will untie itself. This was yet another to the long list of this theory's triumphs.

She went quickly over to her bureau and unlocked the first drawer with a little chased key which hung amid a host of charms on a chain at her waist. Inside was a small silver box or casket, very richly wrought with figures in relief.

It opened with a spring, and lying alone on a white kid glove was the great emerald.

Pauline's eyes lighted strangely at the sight of it. She took it up tenderly, as she might have taken a living thing, and as tenderly laid it on her soft, warm palm, carrying it nearer to the fire than the dance and break of the flames might lay on it.

In the casket it had looked dead glass—the dull, yellow green of a serpent's belly; in her hand it turned to sudden life; the fire burnt up as if in curiosity and touched it. The stone received its light into its heart and transmitted a clear, translucent green.

As Pauline looked at the stone her eyes seemed to gain some strange beauty from its reflection, they became as jewels also, mysterious jewels that held a secret.

Hidden within the heart of every one of us, it is said, is a latent vice, the ugly antithesis to the jewel in the head of the soul, some inherited tendency, which needs but a touch to rouse it into being. In Pauline's heart, unacknowledged, perhaps unguessed, had lain the lust for jewels—for the things which are precious and only to be possessed by the few.

The stone in all its beauty was inexpressibly dear to her. With a swift, involuntary movement she brushed her lips against it.

The contact with its smoothness roused her to herself. Some realisation of the inwardness of her action came to her. She was frightened, terrified; she had never felt such a sensation before, her soul was filled with an intense yearning to possess it.

How beautiful, she breathed, and how wicked. Her hand closed on it tightly, her blood was

throbbing so madly that the fierce pulsing of it in her fingers gave a sensation of life to the thing she held. Assuredly it was an evil thing. She would be glad—yes, glad to be rid of it; she would give it now, at once, to John and give the meaning thing to him. The fiction about the flosses in her gown would do very well; it was quite a plausible story.

She felt faint and sick, as though she had been battling with some invisible enemy. She sat down still with the jewel in her hand, and rested her head against the back of the chair. Suddenly some one knocked softly at the door.

"Thank Heaven it's locked," she said to herself as she called to come in.

Very noiselessly she sped to the bureau and thrust the emerald into a silver box, and the box in the open drawer.

The handle rattled. "The door is locked," cried Cynthia's voice.

Pauline hurried to open it. A little dew of fear had gathered on her brow.

CHAPTER VII. An Arrest.

Pauline turned back from the bureau. She had just locked away the money which Cynthia had brought her—the first fruits of the girl's terribly acquired inheritance.

But she experienced no relief. The money might buy Farmiloe's silence; all the wealth in existence could not buy back her self-respect. Cynthia's money lay side by side with the casket in which lay the stolen emerald.

"Cynthia, how can I thank you?" she said in a troubled voice.

The girl, who was sitting in a low chair by the fire, stretched out her hand. "Isn't it cruel of you to speak of thanks?" she said. "You know, darling, that I would do anything in the world—anything, to save you from pain."

Pauline sank down on the rug beside the chair, and laid her head on Cynthia's knee. "I wonder you don't hate me, child," she said.

"Hate you?" Cynthia laid her cheek against Pauline's flushed one. "Hate you, Pauline," she whispered; "you are the only thing in the world, just now, that I do not hate. I seem filled with distaste for everything—myself most of all. Oh, Pauline, if one could only know the truth, how ever terrible, it would be easier to bear than this suspense—this terrible silence. Every night when silence seizes me, I feel between them and all though the night, I say, 'To-morrow he will write or come.' And all through the day I say to myself again as the hours wear out, 'To-morrow.'"

Pauline put her arms round her, but she did not speak; she had nothing to say. She had no love to feed her hope and faith, and in Arthur Stanton's silence she read his condemnation. It was a week ago now since Cynthia's name had been blazoned through all the papers as a partaker in the terrible tragedy in Berkeley-square; if Arthur Stanton were alive he must have seen it, must have known of it, yet he had sent no word or sign of sympathy to the girl he had professed to love.

A bitter silence fell between them. Pauline held the girl tightly to her, and Cynthia nestled against her. "Sometimes I think," she said, at last, "that you believe that he is guilty—say it isn't true."

"Dear heart," cried Pauline in distress, "I don't know what to believe, it is all like some terrible dream, mysterious, inexplicable. My one hope is that you were mistaken, I feel sure you must have been. You had been talking of him, thinking of him; you were terribly overwrought and nervous, and you conjured him up before your eyes; that is the best and the only thing I can believe."

But her words carried no conviction with them even to herself; Cynthia they only pained.

She withdrew herself from Pauline's encircling arms and leaned forward towards the fire, her elbows on her knees, her face resting on her hands.

"No, I was not mistaken," she said slowly. "I would give all the hope that the world holds for me if I could think that I, were, but I have no doubt, no shadow of doubt, that I saw Arthur standing there that terrible night. I would forego all thought of happiness or love—everything that I can think or dream of—could I but know that he was innocent of all evil act or intent. My life is a torture; my heart, all that is best in me, calls out that he is the dearest—the most honourable of men; my reason, the evidence of my eyes, the terrible uncompromising logic of the commonplace, all build up a hideous indictment against him."

She stretched out her hands towards the flames in an abandonment of misery. "Oh, Pauline, Pauline," she cried, bitterly, "I feel that if I do not know the truth soon I shall go mad!"

Her words pierced Pauline's heart with a terrible pain. How unjust it was, how terribly unjust, that women should have to suffer so. That love should bend into the world a patient butterfly to tempt their heart and fancy, and set them flitting after it along a road filled with invisible pitfalls.

"There is only one thing you can do, child," she said, in a low voice; "hope—and pray."

She tried to infuse some spirit into her words, but they sounded flat and lifeless in her ears. She rose from her couch, and leaning against Cynthia's chair and began to pace the room with fierce, feverish strides.

"Hope!" The girl, with her eyes fixed on the fire, smiled bitterly. It was the anchor on which she had relied, and it was giving and twisting in the sands into which she had thrown it.

At that moment the butler entered the room with a card on a silver and presented it to Cynthia. Pauline stopped short in her paces; in this time of agonised anxiety every caller gained a terrible interest.

The girl took up the card and read it.

"Pauline," she cried with a choking little gasp, "Pauline."

She held out the card with shaking fingers. Pauline took it and read the name as through a mist.

Arthur Stanton.

"Cynthia! At last! Thank God. You will see him?"

"See him?" The words were a compendium of joy and reproach.

"Bring Mr. Stanton up," she said to the waiting servant. She remained standing by the chair, as she had risen in her first movement of excitement; her face had flushed a strange, beautiful pink, which died slowly. Her eyes blazed with a strange new light.

Pauline forgotten, hesitated. Should she leave the lovers to meet alone—to thrust out the terrible question together, or was it her duty to remain to try and form some opinion for herself from his first manner?

She decided to wait.

He came in quickly, with no eyes for anything or person but the girl who stood waiting for him.

"Cynthia!" he cried, and came towards her with outstretched hands, all his heart shining in his eyes. He gathered her in his arms, and she rested there content for one blessed moment of happy relief. Then memory swept over her, she tore herself from his arms and stood a little distance from him; how had he dared to take her in his arms without a word of explanation!

"Have you nothing to say?" she cried, "no explanation to give for all this desolate week of silence?"

"Darling—you got my letter."

"I got no letter. Oh," she put out feverish supplicating hands to him, "Arthur, speak—speak. What were you doing hidden there in the library? Why did you not answer before it was too late?"

He stared at her in amazement. Pauline, standing passive and still by the great embossed leather screen which sheltered the door to her dressing-room, said to herself that such surprise had never been feigned.

"Hidden in the library?" he repeated. "What library?" He gave a little burst of laughter.

"Cynthia, how funny you are to-day."

She clasped her hands in anger and pain.

"In the library at Berkeley-square, the night my uncle was murdered," she said distinctly.

"The night your uncle was murdered—are you mad, Cynthia? I never knew you had an uncle in Berkeley-square. I don't understand—I say, you're—you're not joking?"

"Arthur," she came close to him, "can you deny that on the night my uncle was murdered you were hidden behind the curtains in the library? You needn't deny it—I saw you, I could swear with absolute certainty I saw you. The man felt back a little. 'My God!' she heard him mutter beneath his breath. 'Cynthia,' he cried hoarsely, 'before heaven I—'"

The words died on his lips, the door behind them burst open suddenly, and Sir George Graham rushed into the room.

"Where's Pauline?" he cried.

Pauline came forward in some alarm, she had never seen her father so excited before.

"Pauline," he cried, huskily, "My God, it's more scandal for the family, look. They have got him—look!" His voice trailed off into incoherence. He held a newspaper towards her, pointing to it with a shaking finger.

Mrs. Woodruffe snatched it from him and glanced at the top press column to which he had pointed. The indistinct type seemed to be edged with yellow and violet flame.


BERKELEY-SQUARE MURDER.

Important Arrest.

Then smaller, more indistinct still, at the foot of the column:

"The man arrested for the murder of Mr. Oswald Drummond is a relative of the deceased gentleman, a Mr. Miles Farmiloe."

To be continued.



NO ARGUMENT
is needed to prove that

Page Woodcock's Pills

are the safest, surest, and speediest remedy for indigestion, biliousness, and all other Stomach and Liver Troubles. 50 years' increasing British reputation proves that.

Of all Chemists, 1/11 and 2/6.

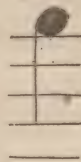
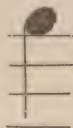
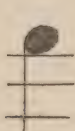
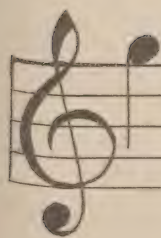


EIFFEL TOWER

Bun and Cake making made so easy that even a child can make delicious light buns and cakes with certain success by using Eiffel Tower

BUN FLOUR

SINGING THE WORLD'S TOP NOTE.



The top note of the average woman singer is G above the scale.

MADAME PATTI could reach F. Only about a dozen singers have done so.

MISS ELLEN BEACH YAW can reach a note higher than this and sings G.

MISS EDITH HELENA held the record for a modern singer until recently. She can sing A.

MDLLE. AMELIA DE LAGREZE now holds the world's record, for she can reach C, two notes higher still.

Empire Singer Equals Mozart's Record 134 Years Ago.

The most recently discovered wonder of the world to be presented to a London music-hall audience is Mlle. Amelia de Lagreze, who is now singing nightly at the Empire. Last week Miss Edith Helena appeared at this variety theatre as the vocalist who could sing higher than any

top C, three octaves above the middle C of the piano, to him. Such a note had never been sung before, and the great composer was amazed by the lady's marvellous performance.

From Signora Ajugari's time down to a week ago no one had ever appeared in public who could even get within a tone of this note. Now Mlle. Lagreze has tied a record that has stood for over a hundred and thirty years. The highest-voiced singers of the world have for the most part fallen far short of this. Jenny Lind, Malibran, Albini, Patti, Melba, and Albani, all have had voices that stopped more than five notes below it.

The Magic Flute.

Of really great singers who had exceptionally high voices Christine Nilsson is perhaps the best known, and her highest note was the F, which she sang in "The Magic Flute." But this is a fifth below the C. Mme. Patti's highest effective note was about E flat, a sixth below record, though she could, when in her prime, probably touch the F that caused such a sensation when sung by Nilsson. This F is a phenomenally high note, and since Ajugari's time not more than a dozen singers have been credited with the ability to reach it. Of these the most extraordinary was Mlle. Sessi, a vocalist of the eighteenth century, who sang from the C in the bass stave to a note three and a half octaves above it. Compare the range of such a voice with that of an ordinary person's. One has about double the compass of the other!

Higher and Higher.

Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a Canadian, created a sensation in London a few years ago by demonstrating she could reach a note higher than Christine Nilsson. Then, last Monday week, Miss Helena sang yet a note higher at the Empire. Now Mlle. Lagreze is singing what appears to be the highest note the human voice is capable of producing.

When the true difference between this and the highest note of an ordinary voice is properly understood, the production of such a note appears even more amazing than it does at first sight. The top note of an average woman, taking contraltos and sopranos together, is probably about G, just above the treble stave. It is even doubtful if Sister Mary Jane's top note was much higher.

Remarkable Vibrations.

To produce this the vocal cords have to vibrate at the rate of 768 per second. Mlle. Lagreze's vocal cords when she sings that C in altissimo vibrate 2,048 times per second—nearly three times as quickly. Compared with this, Nilsson's top F, which meant only 1,365 per second, appears comparatively easy. But an attempt to reach it will probably remove this impression. The attempt, by the way, is not to be recommended to the

amateur singer. It might easily result in the straining of the vocal cords. Even when a woman has a phenomenally high natural voice, it generally takes years of careful training to enable her to reach these altitudes.

Though science has made such great strides during the last hundred years, it is generally admitted that the voice trainers of to-day have made no improvement upon the methods of their predecessors of a hundred years ago. Indeed, many authorities declare that our present-day professors are not to be compared with the famous teachers of bygone times.

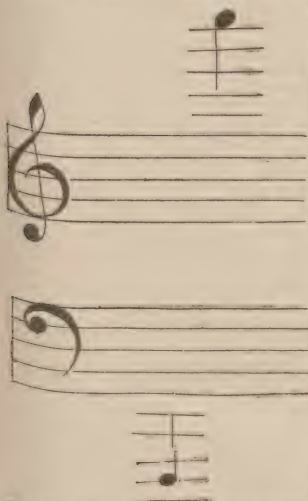
Mirror Reflections.

The laryngoscope was invented and perfected by singing masters during the nineteenth century, and it has helped somewhat to a proper understanding

rarely seen in these times. The ability to sing exceptionally high or low notes is, of course, no test of a great vocalist. The temperament to appreciate emotion, and strength, purity, and variety of tone to enable the singer to convey those emotions are all of more importance. But so far as record voices go, the singers of times gone by had certainly an advantage over those of to-day. Ajugari, beside being able to sing as high as Mlle. Lagreze, could sing below the G below middle C, and was a fine operatic singer.

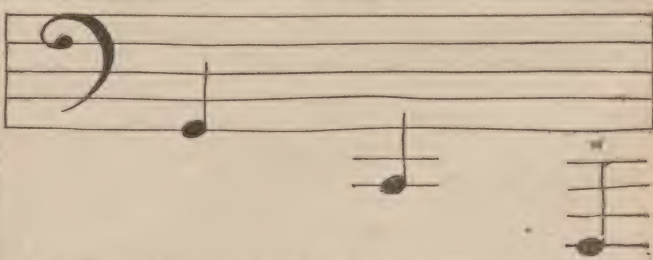
Villainous Depths.

Gaspard Forster still holds the world's record for the lowest note ever sung. In the presence of many experts, he sounded the F over an octave below the bass stave, to produce which his vocal cords vibrated but forty-two times per second. This



This scale shows the enormous range between the record high note and the record low note.

But now she has had to abandon this claim, for Mlle. de Lagreze can sing two notes higher. How extraordinary the latter lady's voice is may be judged from the fact that it is over a hundred notes since the world has heard any human being could produce such high notes. Mozart placed it on record that in 1770, at Parma, an Italian named Lucrezia Ajugari sang the



The lowest note of the average human voice is G. A professional singer with an exceptionally deep voice will sing C. The world's record for a low note is held by Gaspard Forster, who sang F, more than over an octave below the bass stave.

of the position and working of the vocal organs. By placing a tiny mirror in the back of a singer's throat it is now possible to see the reflection of the vocal cords when a note is actually being sung. But in spite of the aid this invention gives, voice-production still remains more or less a mystery. Authorities are even now unable to agree as to the manner in which certain notes are produced, and no one can say with certainty which is the best method of teaching.

Spoiled Voices.

If we are to judge by results, the old-time professors were certainly more skillful than their successors of to-day, many of whom spoil more voices than they improve. In days gone by Europe saw many marvellous singers, the like of which are

cannot even be approached by any living singer, the deepest voice basso of to-day being able to sing no note below B flat, a fourth above this long-standing record.

FOR STUPID PARENTS.

The care and feeding of infants is the subject of a leaflet distributed by the Holborn Borough Council. The chief warnings are:— Do not give infants meat. Children under the age of three years cannot digest the same food as grown persons. Do not give them beer, spirits, wine, cheese, pickles, pastry, nuts, or sweets. Do not give them teething powders or soothing syrups.

THE SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

Rumour, for once, seems to be correct in that the new Austrian Ambassador to the Court of St. James has been chosen in the person of Count Albert Mensdorff, the present First Secretary. It has been an open secret that his appointment was wished for by the King, with whom Count Mensdorff is a persona grata, but his being unmarried was considered rather a drawback, and Count Kinsky, the present Austrian Ambassador to St. Petersburg, was looked upon as certain to be transferred here. The appointment of Count Mensdorff will, however, please everyone. Just now, with so little going on, even the smallest social gatherings are well attended, and the dinner-concerts at the Hotel Cecil have quite

caught on. Last Thursday there were numbers of interesting people there, and to-night the entertainers include the Comte de Montebello, Mr. Stopford, and Lady Constance Mackenzie.

Nowadays it almost gives one a shock to see Lady Constance in an ordinary evening dress. The last few months of her life have been spent shooting in the Rockies, where, absolutely alone except for her guides, she has camped out, and, dressed in breeches and coat, with a cap on her short, dark hair, looked exactly like a slim, boyish man.

Unconventional to a degree, Lady Constance is a thorough sportswoman; she is the champion lady swimmer, a fisherwoman who has landed many a salmon, an unerring shot, and, strangest and most unwomanlike taste of all, at one time she had a pet snake, she took with her everywhere, either nestling in her bosom or twisted round her arm.

Never Again.

The birthday to-day of the Duke of Manchester, nicknamed "Kim," recalls his celebration of somebody else's birthday when he went to the ball given in honour of the occasion dressed in bathing

costume. It was summer time, and though his costume was cool the Duke was hot, for he sat out all the evening.

The Swedish Cup.

At Princes' yesterday afternoon a big crowd assembled to see the preliminary heats for the Swedish Cup competition. There were only three entries, and at the end of the afternoon Mrs. Syers, the holder of the cup, was two points ahead.

All round the rink there were groups of people having tea and chat. The Duchess of Bedford was there, as well as Lady Helen Vincent, Lord and Lady Vivian, Mr. Grenander (one of the judges) and Mrs. Grenander, Sir John Thornycroft, Captain Percy Scott (of Terrible fame), Dr. Jameson's brother—another enthusiastic skater—and a number of people who came in about five o'clock for the waltzing competition.

Perpetual Youth.

It was delightful to see the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn looking so vigorous and happy at the wedding of her grandson, Lord Kerry. This venerable lady—she is now ninety-two—seems to have discovered the elixir of perpetual youth, and

the interest she takes in all love affairs, marriages, etc., of her numerous relations is as never-failing as it is affectionate. The Duchess was one of the late Queen's most esteemed personal friends, and is the proud possessor of the Order of Victoria and Albert. Her descendants number in all well over two hundred, twenty-two of them serving their country in the late South African war; truly a unique distinction even for an old lady of ninety-two.

Recuperative Air of Brighton.

The air of Brighton certainly works wonders, for not only has the Premier been restored to health during his visit there, but Lord Arthur Grosvenor has derived enormous benefit from the bracing climate of this popular resort. There is now talk of the Duke of Cambridge spending some weeks there as he has been compelled to give up his projected visit to the Riviera. At this time of year many well-known people flock to Brighton, and among the visitors to be seen yesterday were Lord and Lady Zetland, Lord and Lady Headfort, all of whom are at the Metropole Hotel, and Lady Crew; while other visitors lately there include the Duke of Newcastle, Lord and Lady Strathcona, and Captain and Mrs. Ronald Greville.

A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

THE WASP WAIST.

HOW IT CAN BE PRODUCED WITHOUT HURTING THE HEALTH.

I do not suppose there is any vogue that goes down to vituperation of more vehemence than the tight-lacing one. Even the pointed boot is less of an irritation to them. Directly fashion decrees that the waist should look trim and tiny, some

one is cut so that the masculine waist is well defined, and though I am able to accord to the clever English tailor any amount of dexterity with the scissors, I am unable to believe that without corsets such effects can be obtained.

It is a pity so much foolish nonsense should be written and talked about the tight lacing question when those who really do know anything about the subject are well aware that a clever corsetière or an equally clever modiste can make her customer's waist look lissom and graceful without the least amount of compression. In point of fact it is all a matter of clever cutting, a knowledge of anatomy, and, so far as the point of dressmaking goes, dexterous arrangement of drapery and an attention to all the tiny details that build up grace and make for slimmness and elegance.

A woman who really values her appearance and can afford to do so never wears the same corset all through the day, but changes it for each of her toilettes. I show on to-day's page three quite different stays specially built for three different costumes. These are only a trio out of many more that I might illustrate did space suffice, for Spanish corsets are made for the Empire gown, narrow belts are constructed for the girl who climbs, and there are even corsets for bathers and corsets for those who go to the many gymnasia,

the one who is fond of field sports will find a great success. It is comfortable, gives ample support, and, at the same time, is so flexible that its presence is hardly to be recognised. The ribbon corset for girls is another form of stay to which the strictest hygienist should not object, seeing how light in weight it is, how pliable, and how thoroughly well ventilated. Consult the topmost picture of the first column, and an ideal elastic stay will be seen, and the one of the fourth column for the fair motorist who wears it. The cult

mistress's corsets in these bags is glad that they are constructed of the same fabric as the stay, for by the outside of each bag she is able to tell immediately which stay she requires for her lady's wear.

"THE OLD, OLD WAY."

This is the name of a recent song by Sam Espipoff, and its name explains not only its subject, but almost every other song produced at the present day. The same old theme, in words and music; the same old silly sentiment; the same old golden-syrupy harmonies. "Will you Forget me by Clifford Chambers, is tuneful enough; "Down by the River, My Darling," by James Noel, has a certain pleasant, though wholly commonplace, vivacity.

Some astonishingly bad pianoforte pieces are handed from the same publishers (Leonard). Claude Ridley's "Fête des Fleurs" is about the worst. Its sub-title is "Fanfare de Prologue," a sufficiently bloodthirsty suggestion, and the piece does its best to live up to it. It is scored for "Isf," which, being interpreted, is grand piano. We do not admire the confusion of the French and English languages on the covers of some of



Elastic Corsets are specially adapted for sportswomen.

men take their pens in their hands and write to the papers long letters cram full of venom upon the subject of woman and her vanities.

It is actually alleged that there is a society formed in Leeds the members of which pledge themselves not to propose to any girl who wears corsets. Privately, I should like to know how they can possibly bring themselves to ask so impolite a question as "Do you wear stays or not?" before they put the one that is to seal their fate for life. Every right-minded girl, I should imagine, would refuse the suitor who made such an inquiry; but perhaps it is also one of the rules of this club to perform that disagreeable task by letter, telegram, or telephone.

Are Men Guiltless of Wearing Them?

Very strongly of opinion am I that a great number of men are themselves wearing corsets now. Else how may I account for the fact that whenever I take my walks abroad in London I perceive men with the neatest and slimmest waists, that could not possibly have been produced without the aid of a stay or band. The new spring frock-



The Marie Antoinette is to be the most fashionable Evening Corsage of the coming season.



The controversy that rages round the corset question moves Miss Mirror to make some remarks not entirely complimentary to men.



The sportswoman finds an Elastic Stay most comfortable and becoming.

these pieces. "Nocturne pour piano par L. Fontaine—a most amie Mademoiselle Mabel—price four shillings"; thus runs the superintention of a rather graceful solo. Pourquoi on this lapse into la langue Française?

PAPER PATTERN

OF THIS ELEGANT UNDERSKIRT—diagram and full instructions how to make same—is GIVEN AWAY with this issue.

"HOME FASHIONS"



ON SALE TO-DAY. Of all Newsagents. Price 1d. Everywhere.



The comfortable Blouse requires a low stay, for which see the topmost one of column three.

where women learn fencing and other exercises, though at such places the best results are accomplished by those who wear no stays at all.

Different Stays for Different Dresses.

Among the stays shown above are the following: For the easy and comfortable blouse, at the base of the first column, a low cut stay is necessary, of such a pattern as the one worn by the girl who is giving a lump of sugar to her bird. Compare this one with the stay specially designed for the new Marie Antoinette evening corsage, the one in the centre of the page, with the deep point beneath the waist-line and the clear definition of the figure. Here, at the base of the third column, we have a stay that has been improved upon after a careful scrutiny of the corsets worn more than a hundred years ago in the Marie Antoinette period, when the anatomical and hygienic requirements of our sex were less deeply considered than they are now.

One of the most comfortable corsets to be bought is the elastic one, which the woman motorist and



When the evening corsage illustrated above is to be worn, this should be the Corset chosen to accompany it.

of the corset and the numbers possessed by fashionable women has brought into vogue a pretty little bag called the corset cover. Made of the same material as the corset, it is simply a long-shaped bag left open at both ends for the sake of thorough ventilation. The maid who keeps her

BRIDGE DAY BY DAY.

By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

SOME TOURNAMENT QUERIES.

F. R. B. (Kensington) makes inquiry concerning two simple points of play in Coupon B of the four-day tournament. He notes that (1) from K, Q, J, to six in suit we lead the king; and that (2) with ace and one small card, third hand does not play ace on partner's king. He quotes a book on the game which considers the knave to be the best lead, with five or more in suit. This was one of the "number-showing" leads at Whist, which, in our opinion, and that of some of the best authorities, is useless in Bridge, and ought to be abandoned.

Whenever, in the past, we have ventured to differ from a "book," we have always been accused by some wrathful correspondent of "scoffing" at the "authorities." But, inasmuch as nearly every book differs from nearly every other book, it is manifestly impossible to agree with all of them. It happens, however, that it is quite easy to supply "authority" for the king lead; videlicet, John Doe's "Bridge Manual," p. 80,

"Elwell on Bridge," p. 52, and "Hellespont," p. 192.

Inside the cover of the "Simplex Bridge Tournament Record" is printed the clearest and most logical system of leads that we know of, adopted now by most clubs all over the kingdom, and known as the "Blenheim" leads, from the club which first drew up the scheme. We have always announced that this would be the system followed by us, and we have constantly recommended it to our readers.

The play of third-hand, given in the Coupon, was also perfectly regular. The rule is: With ace and one small, play ace on a king led, unless the knave doubly guarded, or the 10 three times guarded, be in Dummy, when you obviously lose a trick by overtaking the king with ace. This point is quite elementary, and there is no difference of opinion among good players.

The preceding remarks also answer K. C. (Bournemouth), and, we think, will make the play of Coupon B clear to her. The lead of the king of spades does not "mislead" Z, who knows that Y must have either K, Q, seven in suit (in which case the dealer will be void), or else K, Q, J, four at least in suit.

K. C. has followed the instruction given in Foster's Bridge (p. 110), where he advises the knave to be led from "K, Q, J, any number in suit." This mode of leading is peculiar to the book quoted, and has never been generally adopted. In the preface, Mr. Foster says: "In the arrangement of the opening leads at No-trumps . . . the author has followed very closely along the lines laid down by Mr. J. B. Elwell, of New York, whose reputation as a successful teacher and player is second to none in the country." But Mr. Elwell, as we have seen, leads the king. In Mr. Foster's last book ("Bridge Tactics," 1903), he has altogether abandoned this lead of knave (pp. 32, 38). He now teaches that "From all suits headed by A, K, Q, or K, Q, J, the king should be led." With which we entirely agree.

It is naturally very perplexing to a beginner to find so many contradictory rules; and to find even the same author at variance with himself—or, perhaps, the better way to put it is that Mr. Foster's later book represents his more matured judgment. So far as this column is concerned, our readers' remedy is perfectly simple. Get a "Simplex Bridge Tournament Record" and follow the Leads therein given. These are quite clear, and the Blenheim system of leading is the most logical, the

simplest, and, therefore, the most easily understood and remembered.

In Coupon B, however, the card led makes difference to the play of third hand. K. C. says that the "knave led is a clear instruction to third hand to block by playing the ace; and that this instruction must be obeyed." But when Y leads the ace, it is not clear that Z has seen that the ace is not put on.

We have now published the plays of all the coupons in the Four-day Tournament. There are two ways each, for Coupons A and B, which may be adjudged as equally correct. It is also evident that in some cases it does not matter if the order of tricks be varied, e.g., in the alternative play of Coupon A, it is not wrong for the ace and king of diamonds to be led out at tricks 2 and 3, before opening the clubs. For solvers to claim their play as correct, it is only necessary that the essential features of the published plays be retained. Coupon A, if the ace is put on at once, YZ must win 10 tricks, as shown; if the queen is played, they must win 11 tricks as shown. Some variations in the order of play may also be permissible in Coupon D, provided the principle of the strategy is retained.

WHICH SHALL RULE LONDON?

Saturday's Contest for Supremacy in the L.C.C.

Much of the interest which attaches to the London County Council elections on Saturday next has been obscured by the political situation, but their importance this year is greater than on any former occasion.

For the first time the London County Council will be called upon to administer the education of London. The magnitude of this task is apparent when it is remembered that the School Board for London is now equal to that of 1,100 Boards in Scotland. When the new Act comes into force the Council will have, in addition, to take over all the elementary schools—Church of England, Roman Catholic, Wesleyan, and the others under the auspices of Protestant Nonconformists.

Serious efforts are being put forth by the managers of these schools to return to the Council members who pledge themselves in favour of the Government's Education Act. This the Moderates will do, while the Progressives simply undertake to administer it in a non-sectarian spirit.

The general programme of the Progressives is a better London, a healthier London, and a more beautiful London. They point to their work in the past as evidence of what they will do in the future. They promise to observe economy where economy is possible, and they argue that, if pound values were taxed, the rates would be increased and still great improvements would be accomplished. Among other things, the Thames river service would be revived.

Moderates' Platform.
The Moderate party make the expenditure of the present Council a strong plank in their platform, alleging against the present majority charges of extravagance. The Moderates are in favour of undertaking works of necessity—main drainage, and other pressing matters, including vigorous administration of the Acts for the housing of the poor in co-operation with the borough councils. The street traffic problem, which includes the regulation and control of traction engines, has the support of the Moderates, who declare themselves opposed to

LADY CLANCARTY ILL.

Music-Hall Star Who Became a Countess.

When Belle Bilton became Lady Dunlo, and subsequently blossomed forth as Countess of Clancarty, London enjoyed two distinct sensations, each of which lasted longer than the proverbial nine days. That was fifteen years ago, and Belle Bilton, of the Sisters Bilton—there was another sister named Florence—faded, as far as so beautiful a creature could fade, from the public view. Since then she has been living quietly on her husband's estates in Ireland, the joy of the tenantry, to whom her unceasing kindness has bound her by a hundred ties.

A Loss to the Halls.

Now Lady Clancarty is lying seriously ill in Dublin. Recently she underwent a serious operation for an internal complaint, and is at present making a slow recovery.

Her marriage robbed the music-hall stage of one of its most popular artists. Belle Bilton and her sister Florence were daughters of an ex-sergeant employed in Woolwich Arsenal Dockyard, and from their infancy were trained in singing and dancing. Fine figures and pretty faces, added to an unlimited amount of "go," soon made the entry of the Sisters Bilton one of the most attractive "turns" on the London variety stage.

It was in July, 1889, that Viscount Dunlo, who had just come of age, created a sensation by the announcement of his engagement to Miss Bilton. His father, the Earl of Clancarty, opposed the marriage (which he survived only two years) with the most extreme bitterness, and legal proceedings ensued.

The youthful heir of the house of Poer-Trench clung, however, so resolutely and persistently to the motto of that house, "God for the Trench whoever may oppose," that the opposition was successfully resisted, and since then Belle Bilton has been lost in the more courtly, if less popular, shape of Countess of Clancarty and Marquise de Heudens in the Netherlands.

Her eldest son—she has three, in addition to a little girl—is Lord Kilconnell.

"BELLE BILTON" SERIOUSLY ILL.



The Countess of Clancarty, formerly famous on the variety stage as "Belle Bilton," is lying seriously ill in Dublin. Daughter of an ex-sergeant employed at Woolwich Arsenal Dockyard, her engagement to his son was opposed by the then Earl of Clancarty with the greatest bitterness, and legal proceedings ensued. She has spent most of her married life in Ireland. (L.A. Herald.)

PUBLIC ADMISSION TO PYX CHAPEL.

Reasonable facilities will in future be given to the public for admission to the Pyx Chapel, Westminster Abbey, now that it is no longer occupied

by a department of the Government. It will be lighted by plain electric-light standards, Lord Balcarras states in yesterday's Parliamentary Papers, while the greatest care is being taken not to make any alterations which might interfere with the architecture.

GHOSTLY RADIUM DANCE.



Loie Fuller is startling Paris with her latest dance. Her dress is rendered luminous with certain salts which, like radium, shine in the dark. On the darkened stage the weirdly luminous drapery, swaying about an invisible form, has a most eerie effect.

JAPANESE CLUB IN LONDON.

There are few Japanese resident in London, but they now have a club of their own. Premises in King-street, Covent Garden, left vacant by the removal of the old Crichton Musical Club, have been secured. The members, who already number forty, are chiefly officials from the Legation and Consulate, and some of the more prominent Japanese merchants. The club will be entirely of a social character; a place where Japanese can discuss the war news and recall the old associations of the land of their birth. There are, by the way, numerous Japanese clubs in Tokio.

The British steamer *Glenturret*, previously reported on fire at Singapore, is aground on the mud.

Now Ready, Part I., price 6d. net.

Cassell's History OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

With Part I. is given a specially prepared War Map of the Far East, handsomely printed in Colours.

The PALL MALL GAZETTE says:—

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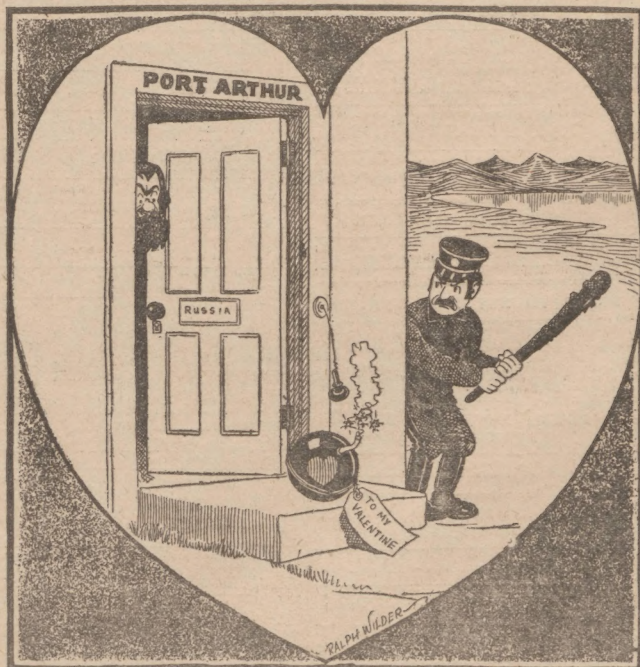
WHAT AMERICA THINKS OF THE WAR.



Mr. HAY: "Go away, boys, you'll wake the Dragon!"



Uncle Sam: "They didn't seem to pay no attention to my efforts fer peace."



"Come out, Nicholas, and get your valentine!"

Small Advertisements

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SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cooks.

COOK (good), in town: £35.—Write B. 103, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK (first class), town and country; well recommended: £50-45; disengaged.—Write B. 74, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

COOK-GENERAL: disengaged; 20; good all-round domestic servant; early rise; £12-40; Victoria-street, Bristol.

General Servant.

GENERAL (good) wants situation; age 21.—Call 419, Kennington-road, S.E.

Housemaids.

HOUSEMAID (second of three); age 21; £22; town and country.—Write S. 237, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAID (second of three): £22-24; age 24.—Write S. 238, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSEMAIDS or House and Parlourmaid, two friends want situations in New York.—Letters only: E. Liverbridge, Fenton House, The Grove, Hampstead.

Miscellaneous.

ENGAGEMENT (daily or resident) required as Secretary or Government; excellent testimonials.—Write 1149, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

THE BOND-STREET BUREAU has now disengaged many well-recommended men-servants, butlers, coachmen, domestics, etc.; personal characters.—Write Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

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Cooks.

COOK (good plain); must assist in housework; age 30 to 35; one other servant kept; only 2 in family; wages £22 per annum.—Reply to R. "Oakleigh," Perry Vale, Forest Hill, C.

COOK-GENERAL (171) required, on March 10, by Miss Rance, 4, West Hill, St. Leonards-on-Sea.

COOK-GENERAL wanted; must be strong, sober; wages £22.—Apply 138, Fulham-road.

PERSON (steady) wanted as Cook-General, where another is kept.—Write 1190, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

General Servants.

GENERAL wanted; no cooking or washing; comfortable home; good salary; references to Mrs. May, 156, High-street, Harlesden.

GENERAL Servant wanted (young): £12-14; small family; comfortable home.—Mrs. Pearce, "Holford," Sandycroft-road, East Twickenham (near Richmond).

Parlourmaids.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID for Hampstead wanted; wages £20; 3 in family.—Apply 34, Frogna-lane, Finchley-road, N.W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID for Taplow: £22.—Write B. 242, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID: Blackheath: £24.—Write S. 243, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

HOUSE-PARLOURMAID: £18-20; suburban.—Write B. S. 244, Bond-street Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.

APPRENTICE wanted.—Apply Teeth by Instalments Institute, 48, Edgware-road, over Opticians.

ART Wanted. Persons who could devote a few hours daily to painting posters, prints, etc.; good prices; work sent.—Particulars, addressed envelope, B. Stafford Works, 21, Stafford-road, Bow, London.

BEST Centre for Servants; many wanted.—Stamped envelope, City Free Registry, Peterborough.

EVENING Employment; addressing envelopes and nominating other addresses.—For terms and address, stamped envelope, North Department, 23, York-buildings, Adelphi, London.

GIRLS (two) required immediately; who can write fairly; apply 39, Leftwich-road, Tooting Terminus.

MONEY easily earned at home with a penknife; work taken and paid for by us; thoroughly genuine.—East Dulwich, Cameron and Co., 19, Silver-street, East Dulwich.

PERSONS wanted, either sex, for cutting paper stencils at home; easy; good pay.—Addressed envelope to Golding and Co., 75, Marlborough-gate, East Dulwich, London.

WORK for Ladies (indoors and out).—A5 a week to be earned; no salary; of any kind.—Write, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, J. M. care of H. T. S. 30, King-street, Chesapeake.

HOUSES, ETC., FOR SALE.

FRESHOLD—Pretty Bungalow; well-built; verandah; about an acre of land, 100 ft. frontage to good roads; healthy situation: £260.—Watson, Hawthorne, Alford, Hants.

FLATS TO LET AND WANTED.

FLATS—Handsome, modern, five rooms, bath, electric lights; 64 monthly; inclusive; resident housekeeper; Mansions, Hillside-road, Mill-lane, Brondesbury, N.W.

FLATS—Self-contained; bathroom; high position; near three stations; from two guineas month.—Apply Caretaker, Honor Oak-mansions, Underhill-road, East Dulwich.

BOARD RESIDENCE AND APARTMENTS.

SOUTH Belgravia—Unfurnished first floor; gas cooker; very convenient; close to shops, buses, rail-station, Gloucester-street.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.

BOURNEMOUTH—Convenient, homely Apartments; bed-room and sitting-room, 10s. weekly.—"Hopville," North-road.

BRIGHTON—Two bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), sitting-room; piano; electric light; no other visitors; 5 minutes from West Pier.—Brown & Crown-street.

HASTINGS (facing sea)—Bright, cosy boarding-house; good table; large dining and drawing rooms; 10s. 6d. 25s. 6d. Mrs. Norman, 10, Pelham-crescent.

TORQUAY—Furnished; 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, small front garden; splendid situation; three or six months; low rent to careful tenants; no children or dogs.—Messrs. Law, 72, Cannon-street, E.C.

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CLOTHING Exchange; immediate disposal; thickly populated neighbourhood; S.W.; newly fitted up, double-fronted shop; 12 choice varieties, named, 3s. catalogue free.—Cliff, Stechford.

LAUNDRY, Ilford, £45; trade, 26.—Watkins, Laundry Agency, 70, Mark-lane, E.C.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.

CHINESE Pug; cut lady; splendid home dog; 10s.—Richard, 20, Rockwood-road, South Hackney.

FOR Sale (cheap), or exchange anything useful, small black dog; suitable for ladies' pet.—Scammell, Angles-street, Ryde.

LADY'S pet Canary; beautifully tame; comes out of cage; has sweet flute, nightingale, woodlark, and water-bubble notes.—Address Miss M. The Gables, Claxton, Norwich.

SCOTCH or Aberdeen Terriers.—Pups, 2, 3 guineas; adults, 3s, 4s, 5 guineas.—Major Richardson, F.Z.S., Carnoustie, Scotland.

GARDENING.

CLIFF, the "Rose King," for beautiful roses; hundreds of varieties; 12 choice varieties, named, 3s. catalogue free.—Cliff, Stechford.

MOST Eastern English Nursery.—Buy stuff hardy constitution: Forest, Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Roses, hardy and greenhouse Plants, any variety, any quantity; low estimates per retail; large descriptive catalogue of cheap offers post free.—E. Gage, Cowton Nurseries, Lowestoft.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A LADY wishes to sell lovely 66-guinea, upright, iron grand drawing-room Piano; full trichord, on massive brass sounding plate; fitted with grand repeat check action, handsome marqueterie panel, with carved pillars, nearly new; maker's 20 years' warranty; transferable; take 15 guineas; approval willingly.—G. 231, Burdett-road, Bow, London, E.

PIANO; check action, iron, trichord; maker W. Dodson, from Colliards; scarcely used; must sell.—Maitre, 85, Liverpool-road, Kilburn, near Angel.

VIOLIN (valuable); marvellous tone; labelled Stradivarius Cremona, 1690; case, bow; sacrifice, 18s. 6d.; approval first.—Mr. Tyler, Rockingham-road, Uxbridge.

EDUCATIONAL.

STAMMERING, Lipping.—Former superior deities pupils.—Letters, Speech, 5, Birch-lane, London.

PARTNERSHIPS AND FINANCIAL.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; any distance; repay by post. Gold, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

TAILORING and Repairs.—Young man with £350 can receive half share in well-established City business; premises, equipment.—Write 151, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A CHICKEN-HATCHING MARVEL.—For 2s. 6d. the Texas Egg and Reeler combined supercedes all incubators, hatches above and rears little ones below simultaneously; a money-making machine; no special machinery, requiring neither capital nor labour; turns 100 eggs into valuable chickens or ducklings; millions selling in America; 15s. 6d. per dozen; complete for use.—Address, American Poultry Syndicate, Room 128, 7, Albion-bridge, Stoke Newington, London, N. Illustrated list, 10 stamp.

A LOVELY Complexion gained by using Lorne's Cream; removes spots, wrinkles, roughness; price, 1s. 6d.—Address Madame Lorne, c/o Miss Selwyn, 99, Regent-st., W.

ART Needlework by subscription.—Send 7d. for specimen and particulars, Tedesco, Trafalgar-buildings, W.C.

BLOUSES made; ladies' materials; 2s.; highly recommended; particulars from Miss Courte, Brompton.

BRIDGE—Wanted, gentleman to teach bridge on Sundays.—Send terms, 149, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

BUNION Ointment cures tender feet, corns, chilblains; 14 stamps.—Chirpsford, 85, Regent-st., London.

CASH Prices for returning "B. W. N." flour bags.—Ltd., 150, Tooley-street, London.

CASH-OFF Clothing; personal property bought; high prices; parcels receive immediate attention; banker's references.—O'Hare, 25, High-street, New Oxford-street.

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CONSULT Mlle. Beatrice, the highly-recommended Society Palmist and Clairvoyant from Dublin, at 105, Regent-street; hours 11 to 7.

CONTOUTERIE cures double chin; comfortable; venous; 10s. 6d.; highest testimonials.—Louise Derosford, 85, New Bond-street, W.

CORSETS thoroughly cleaned and repaired; returned in a week.—Lillian Nussell, Lilliput Warehouse, Fiske-stone.

GABRIELLE KARMA, Scientific Palmist (pupil famous palmist), gives advice by post from impression of hand.—Write Worcester Park.

HARMLESS Home Recipe for keeping hair fair, 1s. P.O.—Write 1146, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

HEIGHT Increased without detection.—Write French Shoe Co., 289, Regent-street, London.

HOW to Win at Bridge, Roulette, etc.; mathematical demonstration.—Write 958, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

LADY possessing experience, good judgment, and taste as a pianist, desires pupils; by post from impression of characters taken up.—Mrs. Raleigh, Merstone, Welwyn-crescent, Harrow, N.W.

LUMBAGO, Rheumatism, and Sciatica.—Nurse Murtugh (certified); hospital experience.—118, Marylebone-road, Hants, 12 to 8.

MADAME DE VAL, Palmist.—Consult at 6 Denbigh-street, Victoria Station, London.

MAGNET and Crosses.—Chromoscopy tests from same by Sphera Iris (W. Heald's most experienced and wonderful success); authority; pupils, at 15, Tottenham-road (first floor), Westminster, S.W.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m.; Wednesdays and Fridays, from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.; Mondays and Saturdays, by appointment only; consultation free; half an hour 5s., hour 10s.; healthy, energetic, wearing colours; weekdays at 9 p.m.; Williams Head; Tuesdays at 3.15 p.m.; same address by post; free trials; subjects for March, "War Chromo-Type" Press.

MRS. WYNN (Cert.) recommended for rheumatism and nervous ailments.—217, North End-road, West Kensington (near station).

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REPLATE your bicycle handle: Herbert's Plating Solution, 10s. 6d. per pair; complete Plating Outfit (2s. 6d.) does splendid work.—Herbert's Plating Department, Urmon, Lancashire.

SHIRTS and Collars dressed by expert hands at The West London Laundry Association, Acton, W.

SIX times too much coal burned.—Write Sugar House Mills Company, Stratford.

VENTILATE Blinds; carriage paid, 4d. per foot; list free.—Blind Works, Tudor-road, Cardiff.

ZISKA, the greatest living Scientific Palmist and Astrologer.—169, Oxford-street, London.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.

The articles advertised in these columns are not on show at the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Office in Bond-street. Readers must communicate with the advertisers by letter. Remittances should NOT be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

AMERICAN Corsets; dip hip, long waist, medium high bust; facilitates sitting, extremely comfortable; white cotton; 5s. 6d. post free, usual price 7s. 6d.—Dainty Dress Co., 28, Regent-street, London.

DAINTY Lingerie.—3 French or Irish peasant-made night-dresses; 10s. 9d. and 12s. 9d.—Postal Supply Co., 48, Kennington-road, London.

DRESS Length of extra superfine navy blue serge, splendid quality; double width; worth 3s. 11d. yard; accept 11s. 9d. the piece; sent on approval.—Bankruptcy Assets Company, Stockwell, S.W.

EXQUISITE and charming 24-guinea marabout ostrich feather Stole; natural colour, extra long; extremely rich and full; perfectly new; sacrifice 14s. 6d.; approval.—Madam Jeanne, 68, Stockwell-road, S.W.

EXQUISITE and charming 24-guinea marabout ostrich feather Stole; natural colour, extra long; extremely rich and full; perfectly new; sacrifice 14s. 9d.; approval.—Mrs. Barker, Highbury, Stockwell.

FOR Sping Blouses and Children's Frocks, the latest popular novelty in London, 37 inches, only 52d. per yard; sent for pattern 6d.—Hutton, 81, Larnie-street, London.

FURS—Alexandra Dugard Necklet and Muff; beautiful; approval—Maiden, 64, Grafton-square, Clapham.

LADIES' Hose and Vests.—Extraordinary Value.—Having made an enormous purchase of above, we will send, on receipt of P.O. 4s. 9d., three pairs full-fashioned cashmere hose (brand of American rival and two vests.—Robinson and Company, Groombridge, Sussex.

REAL Ostrich Boss, 6s. 9d. each; manufacturers' Bankruptcy stock, very full and bushy, guaranteed real Ostrich, 30s. natural colour; 24 inches, 12s. 6d.; white and white, and fashionable French grey; approval before payment.—Emanuel and Co. Bankruptcy Association, only 5s. 31, Clapham-road, London.

REAL ostrich feather Boss, 5s. 9d., over 10 inches long; all colours; approval.—Bankruptcy Assets Company, Stockwell.

SEALSKIN Jacket; bargain; only 65 15s.; worth £20; approval—New, stylish, double-breasted, sacque shape; fashionable reverse, richly lined, some abroad; must sell; approval.—Gwendoline, 29, Holland-street, S.W.

SLAONE Dress Agency, 166, Sloane-street.—Bargains of all kinds; smart gowns, etc., purchased.

SMART Skirts for Smart People.—Latest styles trottoir, American, Parisian; price, 6s. 4d. 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.; beautiful cloths; correct fit; patterns and particulars free; approval.—Gwendoline, 29, Holland-street, S.W.

UNBREAKABLE Corsets; marvellous; grand; unbreakable sample steel free. Knitted Corset Co., Tottenham, London.

218 BOOTS for 5s. 4d.—Guinea Boot, high-class ladies' or gent's London West End guinea-style button or lace; grand material; average wear 12 months; elegant; 218 quality; 10s. 6d. 12s. 6d. 14s. 6d. 16s. 6d. 18s. 6d. 20s. 6d. 22s. 6d. 24s. 6d. 26s. 6d. 28s. 6d. 30s. 6d. 32s. 6d. 34s. 6d. 36s. 6d. 38s. 6d. 40s. 6d. 42s. 6d. 44s. 6d. 46s. 6d. 48s. 6d. 50s. 6d. 52s. 6d. 54s. 6d. 56s. 6d. 58s. 6d. 60s. 6d. 62s. 6d. 64s. 6d. 66s. 6d. 68s. 6d. 70s. 6d. 72s. 6d. 74s. 6d. 76s. 6d. 78s. 6d. 80s. 6d. 82s. 6d. 84s. 6d. 86s. 6d. 88s. 6d. 90s. 6d. 92s. 6d. 94s. 6d. 96s. 6d. 98s. 6d. 100s. 6d. 102s. 6d. 104s. 6d. 106s. 6d. 108s. 6d. 110s. 6d. 112s. 6d. 114s. 6d. 116s. 6d. 118s. 6d. 120s. 6d. 122s. 6d. 124s. 6d. 126s. 6d. 128s. 6d. 130s. 6d. 132s. 6d. 134s. 6d. 136s. 6d. 138s. 6d. 140s. 6d. 142s. 6d. 144s. 6d. 146s. 6d. 148s. 6d. 150s. 6d. 152s. 6d. 154s. 6d. 156s. 6d. 158s. 6d. 160s. 6d. 162s. 6d. 164s. 6d. 166s. 6d. 168s. 6d. 170s. 6d. 172s. 6d. 174s. 6d. 176s. 6d. 178s. 6d. 180s. 6d. 182s. 6d. 184s. 6d. 186s. 6d. 188s. 6d. 190s. 6d. 192s. 6d. 194s. 6d. 196s. 6d. 198s. 6d. 200s. 6d. 202s. 6d. 204s. 6d. 206s. 6d. 208s. 6d. 210s. 6d. 212s. 6d. 214s. 6d. 216s. 6d. 218s. 6d. 220s. 6d. 222s. 6d. 224s. 6d. 226s. 6d. 228s. 6d. 230s. 6d. 232s. 6d. 234s. 6d. 236s. 6d. 238s. 6d. 240s. 6d. 242s. 6d. 244s. 6d. 246s. 6d. 248s. 6d. 250s. 6d. 252s. 6d. 254s. 6d. 256s. 6d. 258s. 6d. 260s. 6d. 262s. 6d. 264s. 6d. 266s. 6d. 268s. 6d. 270s. 6d. 272s. 6d. 274s. 6d. 276s. 6d. 278s. 6d. 280s. 6d. 282s. 6d. 284s. 6d. 286s. 6d. 288s. 6d. 290s. 6d. 292s. 6d. 294s. 6d. 296s. 6d. 298s. 6d. 300s. 6d. 302s. 6d. 304s. 6d. 306s. 6d. 308s. 6d. 310s. 6d. 312s. 6d. 314s. 6d. 316s. 6d. 318s. 6d. 320s. 6d. 322s. 6d. 324s. 6d. 326s. 6d. 328s. 6d. 330s. 6d. 332s. 6d. 334s. 6d. 336s. 6d. 338s. 6d. 340s. 6d. 342s. 6d. 344s. 6d. 346s. 6d. 348s. 6d. 350s. 6d. 352s. 6d. 354s. 6d. 356s. 6d. 358s. 6d. 360s. 6d. 362s. 6d. 364s. 6d. 366s. 6d. 368s. 6d. 370s. 6d. 372s. 6d. 374s. 6d. 376s. 6d. 378s. 6d. 380s. 6d. 382s. 6d. 384s. 6d. 386s. 6d. 388s. 6d. 390s. 6d. 392s. 6d. 394s. 6d. 396s. 6d. 398s. 6d. 400s. 6d. 402s. 6d. 404s. 6d. 406s. 6d. 408s. 6d. 410s. 6d. 412s. 6d. 414s. 6d. 416s. 6d. 418s. 6d. 420s. 6d. 422s. 6d. 424s. 6d. 426s. 6d. 428s. 6d. 430s. 6d. 432s. 6d. 434s. 6d. 436s. 6d. 438s. 6d. 440s. 6d. 442s. 6d. 444s. 6d. 446s. 6d. 448s. 6d. 450s. 6d. 452s. 6d. 454s. 6d. 456s. 6d. 458s. 6d. 460s. 6d. 462s. 6d. 464s. 6d. 466s. 6d. 468s. 6d. 470s. 6d. 472s. 6d. 474s. 6d. 476s. 6d. 478s. 6d. 480s. 6d. 482s. 6d. 484s. 6d. 486s. 6d. 488s. 6d. 490s. 6d. 492s. 6d. 494s. 6d. 496s. 6d. 498s. 6d. 500s. 6d. 502s. 6d. 504s. 6d. 506s. 6d. 508s. 6d. 510s. 6d. 512s. 6d. 514s. 6d. 516s. 6d. 518s. 6d. 520s. 6d. 522s. 6d. 524s. 6d. 526s. 6d. 528s. 6d. 530s. 6d. 532s. 6d. 534s. 6d. 536s. 6d. 538s. 6d. 540s. 6d. 542s. 6d. 544s. 6d. 546s. 6d. 548s. 6d. 550s. 6d. 552s. 6d. 554s. 6d. 556s. 6d. 558s. 6d. 560s. 6d. 562s. 6d. 564s. 6d. 566s. 6d. 568s. 6d. 570s. 6d. 572s. 6d. 574s. 6d. 576s. 6d. 578s. 6d. 580s. 6d. 582s. 6d. 584s. 6d. 586s. 6d. 588s. 6d. 590s. 6d. 592s. 6d. 594s. 6d. 596s. 6d. 598s. 6d. 600s. 6d. 602s. 6d. 604s. 6d. 606s. 6d. 608s. 6d. 610s. 6d. 612s. 6d. 614s. 6d. 616s. 6d. 618s. 6d. 620s. 6d. 622s. 6d. 624s. 6d. 626s. 6d. 628s. 6d. 630s. 6d. 632s. 6d. 634s. 6d. 636s. 6d. 638s. 6d. 640s. 6d. 642s. 6d. 644s. 6d. 646s. 6d. 648s. 6d. 650s. 6d. 652s. 6d. 654s. 6d. 656s. 6d. 658s. 6d. 660s. 6d. 662s. 6d. 664s. 6d. 666s. 6d. 668s. 6d. 670s. 6d. 672s. 6d. 674s. 6d. 676s. 6d. 678s. 6d. 680s. 6d. 682s. 6d. 684s. 6d